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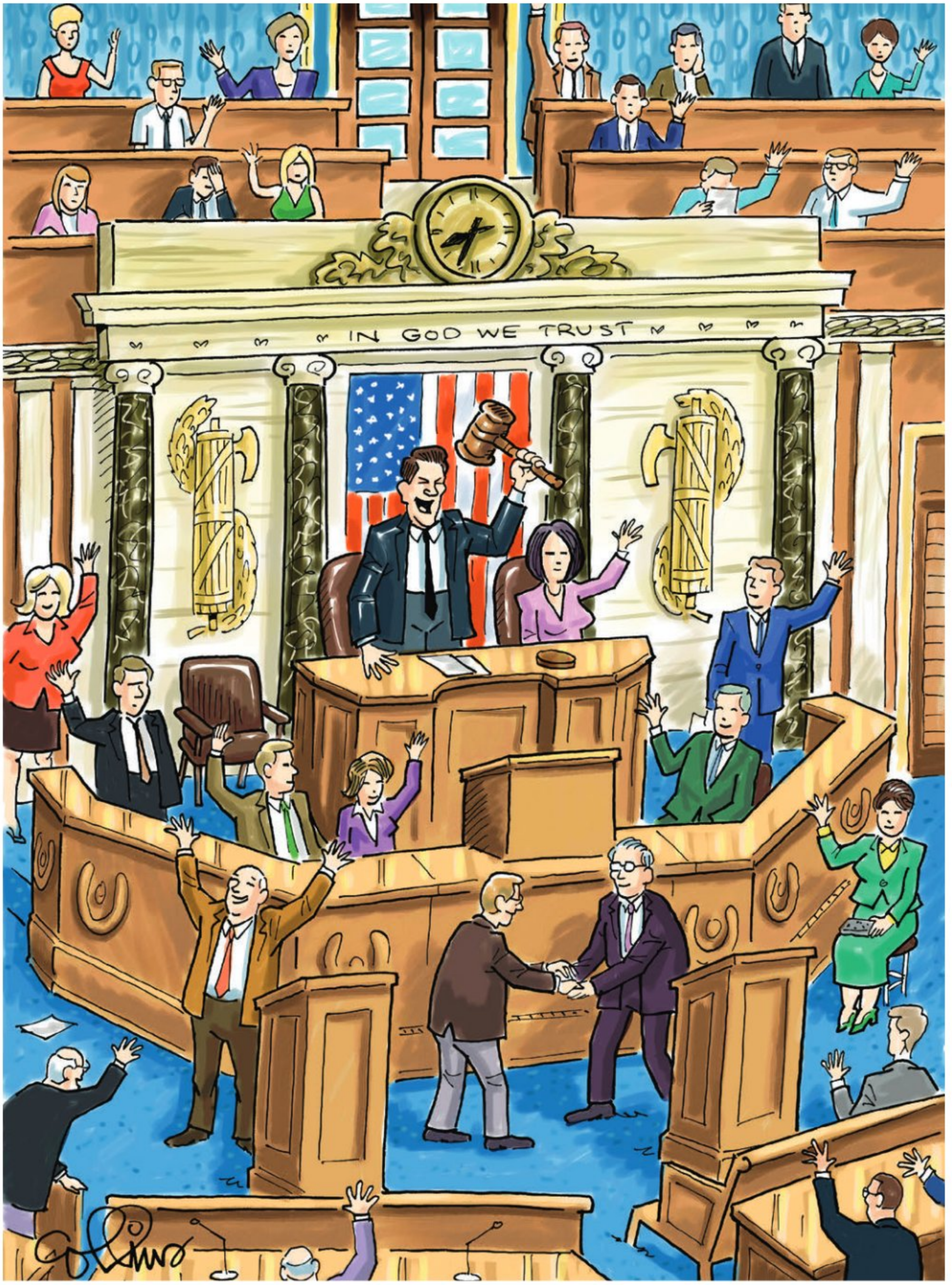

"The only thing we can come to a bipartisan agreement on is that Kim Kardashian has a hell of an ass! All in favor..."

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ABOUT CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

I knew the late journalist, author and provocateur. Back in 1996 he hitched a ride to the Prague Film Festival with me. I was flying there for the screening of *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. Later Hitch appeared in this magazine on a couple of occasions. His essays and books were always well reasoned and—not infrequently—brilliant.

I was especially impressed with his books *The Missionary Position: Mother Teresa in Theory and Practice* and *God Is Not Great*. In the former, Hitch made a compelling argument that Mother Teresa was a fraud who did more harm than good. In the latter, he convincingly argued in favor of atheism and agnosticism.

With his passing, a great journalistic light has gone out. Christopher Hitchens will be missed.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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ROCKIN' TOUR

With a lot of great music loaded up on your iPad, iPhone and iPod, you'd love to play it all to rock your next party. But you're paranoid about docking any of your precious devices into a speaker. (Maybe you've got some shifty people coming to your bash, and they might steal it.) What can you do? If you spring for a **JBL On Tour iBT**, you can wirelessly transmit your music through a Bluetooth connection. The high-performance speaker features easy-touch controls, a two-channel audio system, digital amplification and DSP equalization.

The **On Tour iBT** has an AC plug for at-home use, but it also runs on four AA batteries, meaning you can take it anywhere. Another feature is a built-in microphone, which makes the **On Tour iBT** perfect for conference calls at work—if you had a job. But you don't. Maybe you need to stop hanging out with all those criminals.

Available at ***HarmanAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.95.

COME ON AND ZOOM

You went out and got the new Xbox 360 Kinect so you can play all those cool motion games. Only problem is you live in a cramped apartment, and every time you're up for a Kinect game, you end up crashing into a wall. Not anymore! The new **Nyko Zoom** helps reduce the required playing area by 40%, allowing you to get into the swing of things without worrying about hurting yourself. The gizmo even lets you play with a friend even though you hardly have elbow room. Did we mention you live in a shoe box? Get a **Nyko Zoom** and get Kinected. Friend not included.

Available at ***Nyko.com*** and gaming and electronics retailers nationwide. Suggested retail price: $29.99.

HIGH-END HEAD

First you gotta get past the brand name—Fanny Wang. Seriously? No one in the manufacturer's marketing department thought that was a bad idea? Nevertheless, the company is providing some of the coolest-looking and most effective noise-canceling headphones out there today. **Fanny Wang 3001** over-the-head headphones feature 50mm drivers, magnetically shielded cables, active noise cancellation and bass boost. Plus they're equipped with the patent-pending DuoJack in-line headphone splitter, which allows you to share your music with a companion without loss of sound quality. You can even customize your own color scheme, making **Fanny Wang 3001** headphones the ultimate in sound *and* style. Now if we could only do something about that name.

Available at ***FannyWang.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.

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Available at ***CarMD.com***. Suggested retail price: $119.85.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

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Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

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"Sure, the Constitution is great for reading about our rights and freedoms as citizens, but for the really important shit, you can't beat HUSTLER Magazine!"

TRUE-BLUE PATRIOT

RON PAUL BLASTS OBAMA'S GLUTTONOUS MILITARY BUDGET AND CONTEMPT FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES.

I know it will come as an outrageous stretch to some, but Presidential aspirant Ron Paul reminds me a bit of George Washington. That's because, upon ending his two-term tenure as the nation's first President, the great Revolutionary War hero warned his countrymen to be on "guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism." In Washington's view, expressed all too clearly in that first Farewell Address, the most dangerous enemies of the new republic were not foreign armies but rather homegrown demagogues eager to betray our freedoms in the name of national security.

It was a warning reiterated by another great general-turned-President—Republican Dwight David Eisenhower—who in his own Farewell Address sounded the alarm against the "military-industrial complex," which jeopardizes our freedoms while playing the patriotism card in pursuit of profit. The last time you heard a major party's Presidential candidate issue a similar warning was in 1972, when George McGovern, who had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his heroism during Wold War II, was the Democratic nominee against that inveterate warmonger Richard Nixon.

Since then, Republicans and Democrats alike—particularly after the hysteria engendered by the 9/11 attacks—have cravenly catered to the whims of those beating the drums for bigger military budgets. Recently Barack Obama signed off on the $662-billion National Defense Authorization Act (NDAA), which also included provisions stripping away our fundamental freedoms in the name of stopping the terrorist enemy.

It remained for only one Republican primary challenger, the libertarian Ron Paul, to dare echo Eisenhower's warning, telling an audience in Iowa soon after the Pentagon bill passed: "Watch out for the military-industrial complex—they always have an enemy. Nobody is going to invade us. We don't need any more weapons systems."

Why not? It has been almost two decades since the old Soviet Union collapsed, and then-President George H.W. Bush announced that the Cold War was over and ordered a one-third cut in defense spending as the springboard of a peace dividend.

It was a dividend we never got to enjoy because George H.W. Bush's son George W. seized upon the trauma of 9/11 to increase the military budget to the point where we spend almost as much as the rest of the world combined on ever-more sophisticated—and therefore costlier—weapons to counter a terrorist enemy with a technologically primitive arsenal.

"No more can we truly feel secure in our persons, houses, papers and effects when now there is an exception that fits nearly any excuse for our government to search and seize our property."

But the cost to civil liberties has been even greater. Beginning with the USA PATRIOT Act under George W. and continuing with the 2012 NDAA signed into law by Obama, we have surrendered our once-inviolate freedoms in the so-called war against terrorism.

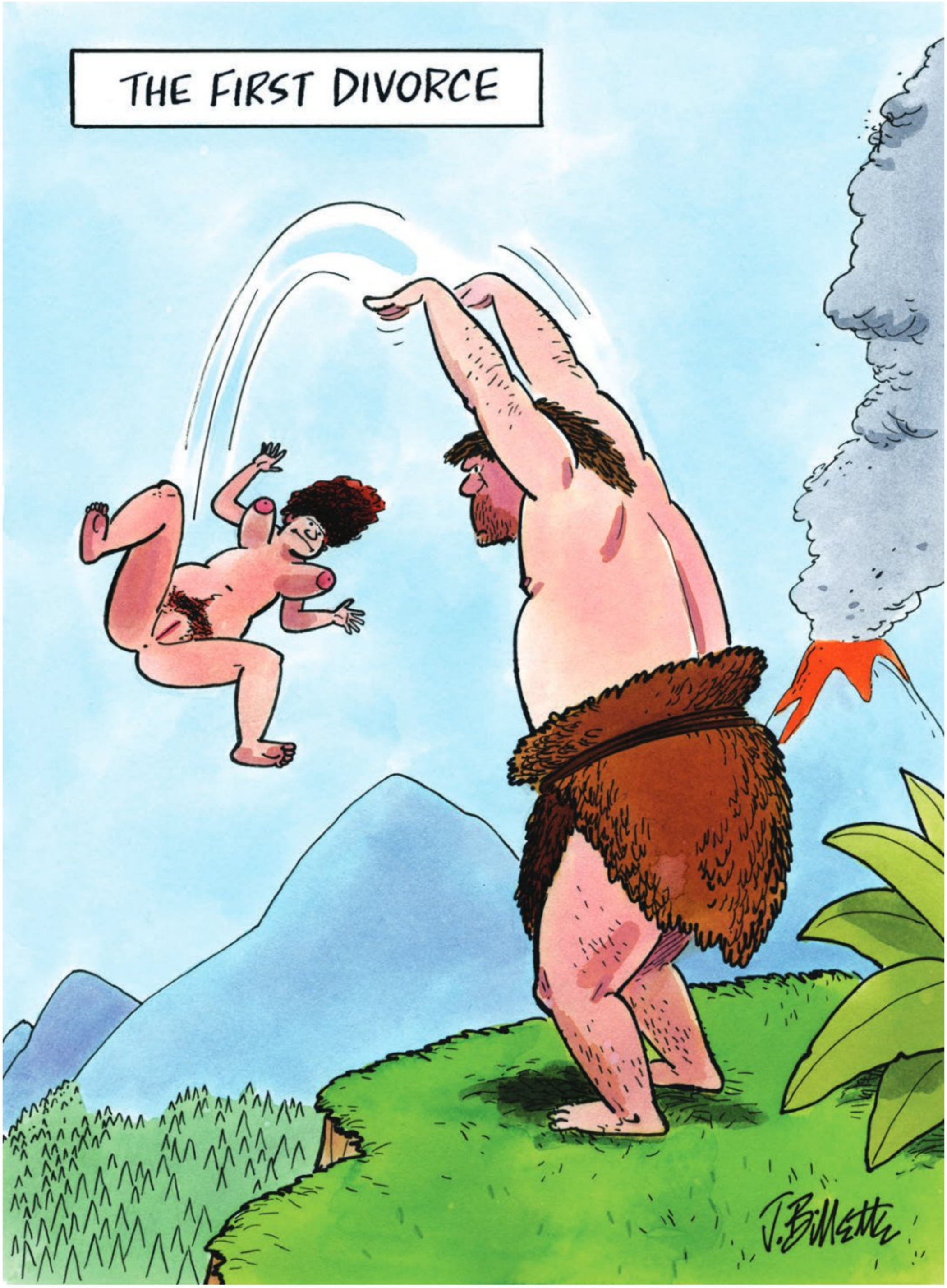
Again quoting Ron Paul: "Little by little, in the name of fighting terrorism, our Bill of Rights is being repealed. The Fourth Amendment has been rendered toothless by the PATRIOT Act. No more can we truly feel secure in our persons, houses, papers and effects when now there is an exception that fits nearly any excuse for our government to search and seize our property. ... The recently passed National Defense Authorization Act continues that slip toward tyranny and in fact accelerates it significantly. ... [It] does to the Fifth Amendment what the PATRIOT Act does to the Fourth. ... The dangers in the NDAA are its alarmingly vague, undefined criteria for who can be indefinitely detained by the U.S. government without trial."

Yet despite those warnings, President Obama—who, as a former Constitutional law professor, should be expected to know better—signed off on a massive defense authorization bill that threatens the fundamental rights of American citizens while continuing military spending at Cold War levels. Obama knew the bill was rotten on both counts. When the President betrayed his own earlier commitment to oppose this onerous provision in the military spending bill, White House Press Secretary Jay Carney conceded: "While we remain concerned about the uncertainty that this law will create for our counterterrorism professionals, the most recent changes give the President additional discretion in determining how the law will be implemented, consistent with our values and the rule of law, which are at the heart of our country's strength."

What bull. The point is not to hock our civil liberties to the discretion of the President, but rather to guarantee our freedoms even if a Dick Cheney or Newt Gingrich should attain the highest office. As Ron Paul warned: "The Bill of Rights has no exemptions for 'really bad people' or terrorists or even noncitizens. It is a key check on government power against any person. That is not a weakness in our legal system; it is the very strength of our legal system. The NDAA attempts to justify abridging the Bill of Rights on the theory that rights are suspended in a time of war and [that] the entire United States is a battlefield in the War on Terror. This is a very dangerous development indeed. Beware."

Don't say you haven't been warned.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*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DID YOU REMEMBER BILL OF RIGHTS DAY?

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTIES CONTINUE TO BE COMPROMISED AS FEW AMERICANS ACKNOWLEDGE THE ANNIVERSARY OF A MAJOR EVENT IN AMERICAN HISTORY

This nation did not have a complete Constitution from September 17, 1787—when the document began awaiting ratification by the states—until December 15, 1791, when the first ten amendments—the Bill of Rights—were added. On December 15, 2011—220 years later to the day—there were scarcely any mentions in the media regarding that historic event, let alone celebrations. With so many schools eliminating civics classes, few members of the New Generation have even learned about our fundamental individual liberties protecting us against government overreaching.

And since there are no crusades for educational reform to combat adult learning deficiencies, how many young Americans remain aware that few of these guarantees of a self-governing citizenry are still being honored?

Ah, but on December 18, 2011, President Barack Obama did issue, about Bill of Rights Day, a TelePrompTer-like proclamation glorifying, he said, "these fundamental liberties [that] have shaped our national character and stirred the souls of all who dream of a freer, more just world." Have you heard any such stirrings for quite a while?

Intent on securing a second term as our leader, Obama pledged "to pass to our children an America worthy of our Founders' vision…that we can have both liberty and security."

The President, of course, ignored his administration's continuing disembowelment of the Bill of Rights' most crucial guarantees as he keeps extending—and even deepening—Bush-Cheney's destructive blueprint. Their regime's legacy was cemented by the erroneously titled USA PATRIOT Act, which has so reshaped America that it would be unrecognizable to our Founders.

The Fourth Amendment's unmistakable "right of the people to be secure…against unreasonable searches and seizures" is continually and eagerly violated by the FBI, the Department of Homeland Security, other intelligence agencies and the police (at both the local and state levels).

Unmanned drone aircraft aren't just being flown in Pakistan, Afghanistan and other nations harboring suspected terrorists and those "associated" with them. Predator drones are also now keeping track of us right here. Oh, the planes aren't firing Hellfire missiles at us on our own land, but they are keeping a record of those of us involved in what the government believes are disloyal or suspect associations.

As you look up to the sky, you may be a "person of interest" to these tireless digital investigators as they add to the nests of hidden cameras in our midst.

Remember the Fifth Amendment? "No person shall…be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law." But what does that mean these days? The also-useless Sixth Amendment tells you and your kids that every American shall enjoy the right to a "speedy and public trial" and "be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation [and] to be confronted with the witnesses against him."

"If Americans don't soon confront this stark reality about the state of their Constitutional rights, they will soon find themselves in an entirely different America."

Do you enjoy how that vital part of the Bill of Rights is disappearing when citizens are held in preventive detention without having first been allowed to see a judge, let alone even know who the witnesses against them are—or if they even exist?

Meanwhile, the military personnel controlling killer drones being operated in other lands are authorized to assassinate even U.S. citizens deemed a threat to our national security without their first being given an opportunity to defend themselves in an American courtroom.

Worse yet, in December 2011—while the National Defense Authorization Act was debated—a bipartisan Congress voted for the executive branch's power to indefinitely imprison citizens with alleged ties to terrorism. What hope do we have for a regeneration of the Fifth and Sixth Amendments under a Republican President after Congressional Republicans vigorously joined in that desecration of the Bill of Rights?

How did we get to this travesty—allowing those we elect to serve and protect our Constitution to disown the Bill of Rights? Or is that why we elect them?

Here is the naked truth from attorney John Whitehead, a tireless guardian of the Constitution whom I have described as the Paul Revere of our time: "Those responsible for the demise of the Bill of Rights are none other than the schools, the courts, the politicians and 'We the People.'"

On April 18, 1775, Paul Revere warned of an impending advance by British troops in the New America. On December 15, 2011—note the chilling date—Whitehead's article "Bill of Rights Day: Are Our Freedoms in Jeopardy?" was a warning posted on **Rutherford.org**. Whitehead—founder and president of The Rutherford Institute—rang the tyranny bell when he grimly declared that "if Americans don't soon confront this stark reality about the state of their Constitutional rights, they will soon find themselves in an entirely different America."

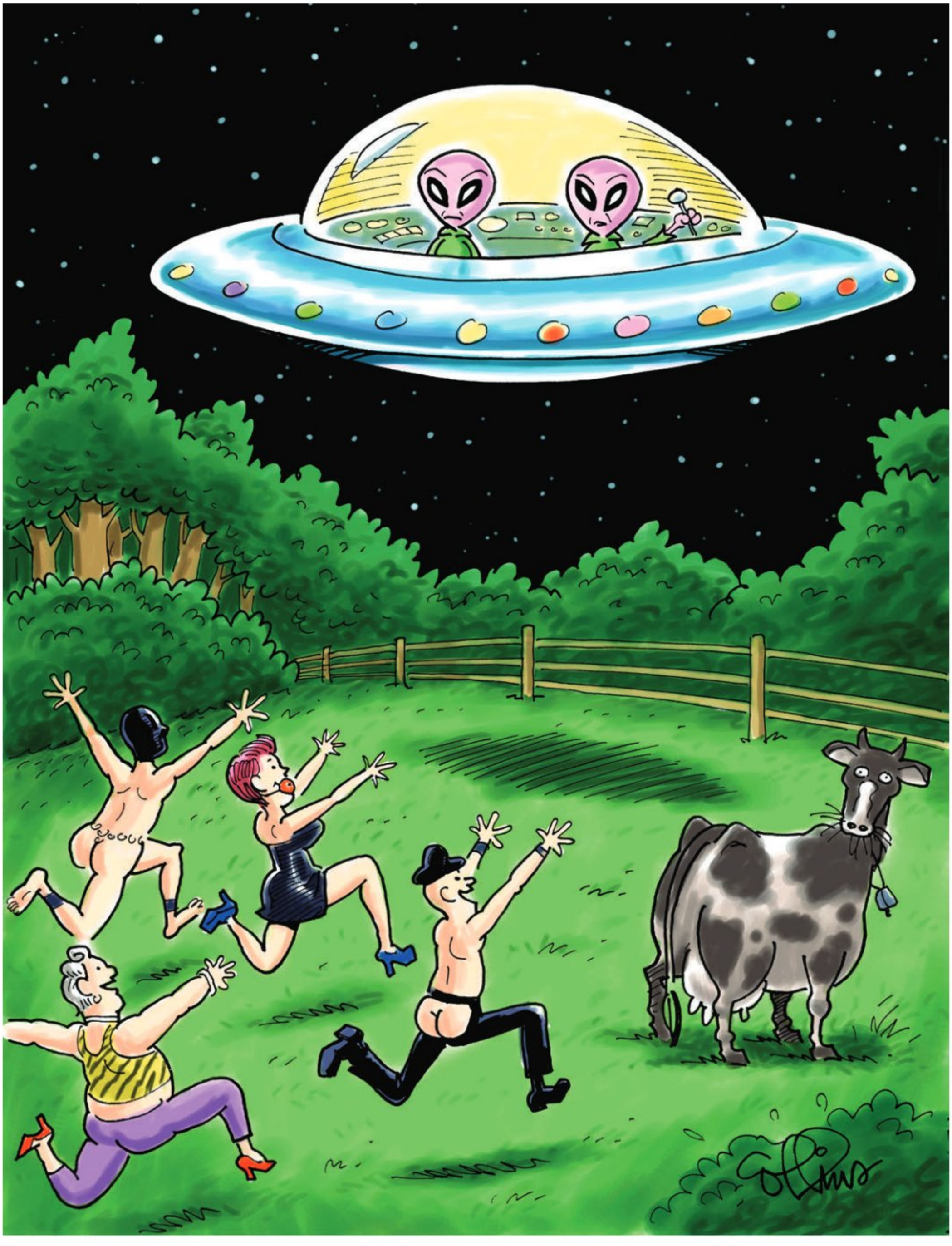
Actually, in real-time and real-life America, we are increasingly on the edge of that land of darkness. Here's another key passage from Whitehead's timely article: "Sadly, when all the glibly patriotic gestures and jargon are stripped away, I'm not even sure Americans really want freedom. What they really want is to be left in peace with their shopping malls, flat-screen TVs, cell phones and mindless entertainment. After all, how many Americans during the course of a day—even when they see fellow citizens under attack—ever think about their rights? If they did, surely there would be more resistance."

As Occupy Wall Street has garnered so much attention from sea to shining sea with the movement's hollow, self-ennobling, directionless rhetoric, it has said nothing to the 99% it is courting about our disappearing Bill of Rights.

What are you going to do? Get after your members of Congress? Take action—as Samuel Adams's Sons of Liberty did during the Boston Tea Party? This is "a republic, if you can keep it," Benjamin Franklin proclaimed.

As truth-telling Justice William O. Douglas warned: "The Constitution and the Bill of Rights were designed to get Government off the backs of the people—all the people. … But that guarantee is not self-executing."

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights;* and the forthcoming *Is This Still America?*



"Don't pay attention to them. All they want is for us to use the anal probe on them."

IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK

Why Battle Over Late Night When the Contest Is All But Over?

There was a time when late night—with its reigning host dubbed "The King of Television"—ruled TV. It was also the network's main profit center. So what happened?

Most people think late night started with Steve Allen and *The Tonight Show*. In fact, Allen's NBC show was preceded in 1950 by *Broadway Open House*, hosted by Jerry Lester. There was no desk and no couch, but there were sketches and music. One standout—literally—was a woman named Dagmar. Her main talent: a sultry voice and big tits—really big tits. Largely forgotten today, she was once so well-known that Frank Sinatra recorded a song with her to pump up his flagging career.

Broadway Open House died for multiple reasons. In May 1951, Lester quit, either because of creative differences or because of all the attention Dagmar was getting—or both. Dagmar carried on as host until August of '51, when the show was finally canceled. Most agree that not enough homes had TV sets at that time to establish a strong late-night audience.

In 1954, the head of NBC, Sylvester "Pat" Weaver (father of Sigourney)—having groomed a young talent on his local TV station in Los Angeles—introduced *Tonight Starring Steve Allen* in *Broadway Open House*'s time slot. While that show had been burdened with the need to write numerous sketches, Allen opened up *Tonight*, adding interviews to the existing format. This eased the workload of a program that ran 105 minutes five nights a week. *Tonight* was such a huge smash that Allen jumped to prime time with his own variety show just three years later.

Not recognizing the franchise's value, NBC replaced the format with a new one containing news and features. Called *Tonight! America After Dark*, it died in less than six months.

Everyone in show business has someone who influenced his style and performing philosophy. For me, it was Jack Paar. Taking over *The Tonight Show* in 1957, he dominated late-night viewing with one of the most compelling programs ever aired. The desk-and-couch was his invention. Using that format, Paar turned little-known people into TV stars.

Paar, who wore his heart on his sleeve, kept you mesmerized. He would cry on occasion. He was volatile. He was unpredictable. His most famous moment came in February 1960 when he walked off the show—live, as it was being broadcast—because a joke had been edited out by NBC censors.

The clamor over this event, which became front-page news, was amazing. Upon his return less than four weeks later, Paar's first words were, "As I was saying before I was interrupted." In true Paar form, he added, "When I walked off, I said there must be a better way of making a living. Well, I've looked—and there isn't."

Paar stayed until 1962, when he left to do a weekly prime-time show and was replaced by game show host/TV comic Johnny Carson. I really don't have to tell you about Carson's 30-year tenure. I remember watching him one night in his second decade and thinking, *Damn, he's good.*

The same can't be said for Jay Leno, who pushed Carson out the door in 1992. Leno's program is an embarrassment that has hobbled a once-great franchise. The only good thing to come out of his reign was that it forced NBC's original *Late Night* host to jump ship when he was passed over for *The Tonight Show* job. Now at CBS, David Letterman is a class act who, after an up-and-down ride in the ratings, is once again beating Leno.

One of the biggest mistakes in the history of broadcasting was breaking Conan O'Brien's contract as host of *The Tonight Show* in 2010 so that Leno could resume the reins. That cost NBC 40 million big ones, and when Leno returned, he failed to bring the audience back with him.

Over the years, there have been other challengers: Merv Griffin, Joey Bishop, Dick Cavett, Regis Philbin, even Pat Sajak. The most successful also-ran is Jimmy Kimmel at ABC, whose midnight show has been on for nine years. He may outlast them all.

So what is currently number one in late night? Unbelievably, it's *Nightline*, a news show on ABC. The days of a dominant late-night host are over. Late-night television is dying as well. The audience is fractured between the networks, cable programming, DVDs and Internet providers. Another contributor to audience erosion is the morning commute, which has gotten longer over the years as traffic congestion has gotten worse. People forced to get up earlier go to bed earlier.

The late-night talk show is on its way out. Enjoy your favorite while you can!

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).

"What makes you think a pay increase would make you happy? I make 300 times your lousy salary, and I'm not happy."

SORRY, I DON'T EAT RED MEAT.
I DON'T WANT YOU TO CHEW IT... JUST LICK IT!
J. BILLETTE

From Down Under

I love reading HUSTLER! The articles are very insightful, and the women are always attractive. Unfortunately, I have not been able to purchase a copy recently because I am a U.S. Navy submariner stationed in Guam. Your subscription Web site says it doesn't send mail to Guam, and no store on the island carries your fine magazine.

When I get my hands on a copy, I'll be sure to pass it to anyone else who wants to read it. You have fans underwater! **—A.C.**

Mangilao, Guam

Good news: U.S. military personnel worldwide with APO addresses are welcome to subscribe to HUSTLER.

Chyna Encore

As far back as I can remember, Larry Flynt's magazine has always been the best. Much better than *Playboy*. Your February '12 issue was worth every penny of the $8.99 it cost. I have since become a subscriber. I love that Alexis Ford's butt cheeks are visible through the gap between her legs on the cover.

Also, it would be great if you could bring Chyna [*From WWF to XXX*] back in another issue. Your photographer could show the world, for the first time in your amazing magazine, a close-up of her giant clit. Maybe Chyna can do some squirting too. That would be a blast! HUSTLER is definitely "For the Rest of the World." **—Freddie**

New York, New York

We've known about Chyna's notorious clitoris for years. The photo below ran in the June '05 HUSTLER.

Chyna Take Out

Thank you for bringing the Ninth Wonder of the World to the pages of HUSTLER [February '12]. The first time I ever saw Chyna in the WWF, I wondered what it would be like to be body-slammed and sexually dominated by a true glamazon like her. I am happy that Chyna has persevered with her head held high and is now building a new career. That is the mark of a true champion.

One more thing: I would like to point out a blatant error in the celebrity fantasy photo of Khloé Kardashian. She has a white cock in her mouth! I think it's safe to say Khloé has never had a white man's cock in her mouth! **—M.A.**

Russellville, Kentucky

Amateur Night

Please tell me you are making a new HUSTLER DVD starring *Beaver Hunt*'s most incredible addition—

Ex-wrestling phenom Chyna's engorged clitoris returns to the pages of HUSTLER.

Bared in the Holiday '11 Beaver Hunt, barely legal Ami made a great first impression as a rookie nude model.

Ami [Holiday '11], the 18-year-old Connecticut beauty with green hair, bald snatch and braces. Please, God! **—Dan**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Ami has no plans to become a porn star, but she merited an extra-long showcase in the upcoming BEST OF BEAVER HUNT special edition.

Swing and Hit

The most exciting testosterone pleaser I've found in HUSTLER in quite a while is Alexis Ford [*Going Both Ways*, February '12]. Full satin lips, seductive eyes and the breasts of a veritable Venus who says she swings both ways. Alexis should be a porn natural whether she gets it on with another girl or with a guy. I hope we'll get to see her in action soon in a HUSTLER movie. **—Craig Clark**

Boulder, Colorado

You can catch "veritable Venus" Alexis Ford in HUSTLER Video's new parody *This Ain't Jaws XXX*. To order it, see page 126.

Eager Beaver

This past summer I was in Beaver, Utah, after a car accident put me in a wheelchair, much like Larry. During my six-month leave from my job, my father and I toured the state, where I considered myself lucky to find a copy of *Playbore*.

Now back on my feet (with a once-shattered right heel full of cadaveric bone), I have caught up on all of the HUSTLER issues I missed. Larry's formula is as phenomenal as ever, but what happened to the quirky "Sign of the Times" section?

I always carry HUSTLER and its gorgeous women with me. I also always carry a camera. While visiting Beaver, Utah, I found a great sign that belongs in the mag.

—Dan Connole

Salt Lake City, Utah

We don't always run a "Sign of the Times" photo. But thanks to reader submissions like yours, Dan, we won't be without one this month. Check out page 24.

O Canada!

The fine rescue work of Camille Crimson [*Orally Fixated*, February '12], shows people that Canada has more to offer than just hunting and fishing. Camille will save at least one dick from being poorly sucked and teach other women the proper way to use their heads in the business world. You've got to love a Canadian who is easy on the eyes and can suck cock the right way.

—Gregory Podsada

Trevor, Wisconsin

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

CHRIST CHURCH
SUNDAY'S SERMON
WHO SHOULD KIM
FUCK NEXT?
Bosley.

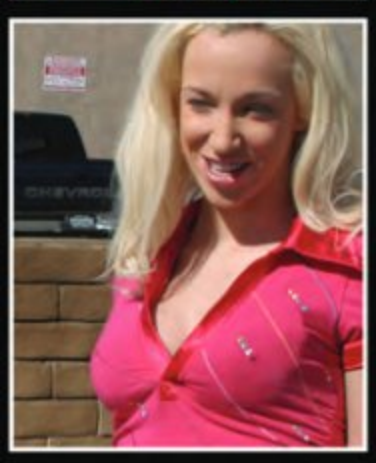
HUSTLER PERSONALS

Stop wasting time and cash in bars

Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls
who just want the same thing you do...
TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW
right in your area



COME INSIDE
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Elle
818-324-2322

THE WORLD NEEDS A HERO

TO FIGHT OUR COMMON ENEMY, NATURE.

WE AGREE.

John S. Watson
Chairman and
Chief Executive Officer

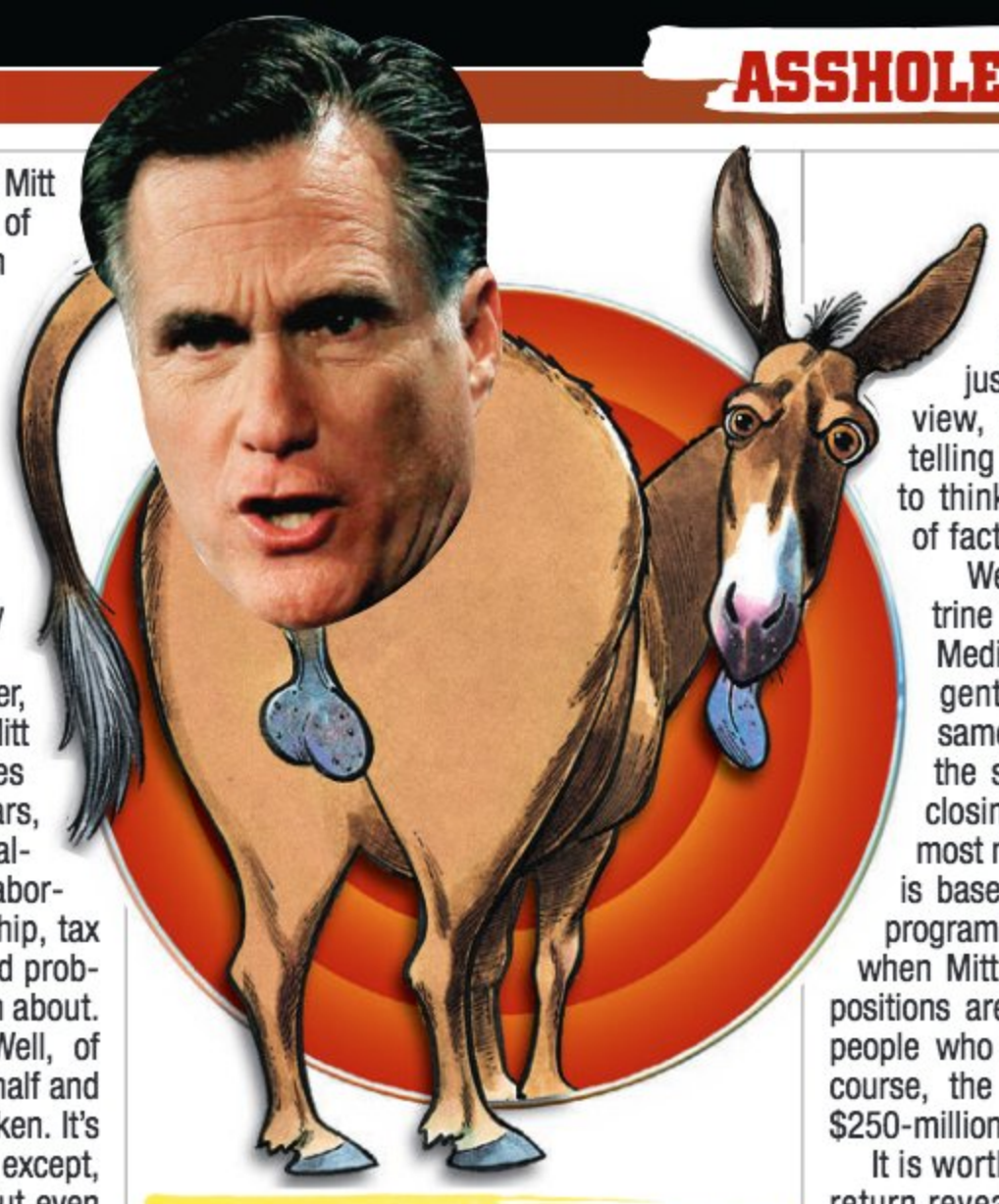
George L. Kirkland
Vice Chairman and
Executive Vice President
of Upstream and Gas

Chevron

Evil Energy.

Over the past several years, it's become
obvious that nature has declared war on humans:
tornadoes, hurricanes, earthquakes, etc. Then there's
the ongoing threat of a deadly strain of avian flu.
Chevron is sick of getting roughed up, too.
That's why—in your name—we're fighting back.
We just kicked nature in the nuts by spilling 2,400
barrels of oil into the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Brazil.
Let's see those deadly birds try something
now that we've covered them in crude.
You're welcome, humankind!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary about Chevron's recent Brazil oil spill and the company's new "greenwashing" ad campaign. Chevron's goal seems to be convincing the American people that it is doing good things for the environment when the opposite is clearly true. The spill off the coast of the state of Rio de Janeiro remains under investigation, but the Brazilian government alleges errors on Chevron's part and is calling for heavy fines. For more info, visit **ChevronThinksWereStupid.org**. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



MITT ROMNEY

When we at HUSTLER think of Willard Mitt Romney—the former governor of Massachusetts and current Republican Presidential aspirant—T.S. Eliot's poem *The Hollow Men* comes to mind. How else would you describe someone who has no discernible identity? Oh sure, flip-flopper kinda works, but does it really convey the truly empty and vacuous entity that is Mitt Romney? Of course not.

So just how hollow is Mitt Romney exactly?

That's not an easy question to answer, given that it's impossible to know what Mitt really believes in—if indeed he believes in anything at all. In less than ten years, the former CEO of Bain Capital has totally reversed himself on such issues as abortion, same-sex marriage, gun ownership, tax reform, climate change, healthcare and probably a few other issues we've forgotten about.

How is such a thing possible? Well, of course, Romney is lying about at least half and maybe even all of the positions he's taken. It's possible he doesn't believe in anything except, perhaps, lying to get what he wants. But even with that, wouldn't a person feel shame about being such a transparent liar? Or is it possible that the supposedly committed Mormon not only doesn't believe in anything but also doesn't feel anything? That would truly make him a hollow man.

Hollow men don't care about other people. From his early adult years, when Romney served as a bishop in the Mormon church, we have this story reported in the *New York Times*: Carrel Hilton Sheldon, a married mother of four, was advised by her doctor to terminate her pregnancy because he feared a potentially dangerous blood clot. But Romney, she alleges, insisted—as a representative of his church—that she not go forward with the procedure. According to Mrs. Sheldon, "He was blind to me as a human being."

That lack of concern for people followed Romney into the job market. As CEO of Bain Capital—a private equity investment firm specializing in leveraged buyouts—he bought companies, sold the assets and shipped the jobs overseas. In many cases, although the acquisition was eventually forced into bankruptcy, Bain Capital still made a huge profit. Romney later said if he had the opportunity to do it over again, he would "be more sensitive" to that issue. Notice he didn't say he'd do things differently.

We all know about Romney's "I like being able to fire people" quote. Those who defend the Presidential wannabe for that remark point out he was talking about healthcare companies that weren't providing "good service." But we'd like to note that most people would say they "changed companies" or they "like changing companies" when they don't get good service.

Of course, in Romney's case, he has had a lot of experience canning employees of the companies he took over at Bain Capital, so the words "I like being able to fire people" would seem to flow naturally from his lips. We wonder how many insurance companies he's "fired," if any. Additionally, most people are just stuck with their healthcare provider. Only the superrich like Romney can afford to shop around.

Continuing our analysis of Romney's attitude toward people, let us not forget that this is the man who said "Corporations are people." Again we have to ask, can he really believe that? Because, right on the face of it, that's nonsense. Yet he said it with no shame. You can see him saying it on YouTube. It's clear he's talking down to the people who have just challenged him. He is, in our view, once again a Mormon bishop telling people not what's real but what to think. Mitt's talking doctrine instead of facts.

We all know what Republican doctrine is. It's for ending Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid, and it's stringently against legalized abortion, same-sex marriage, tax increases for the superrich, banking regulation, the closing of corporate loopholes and, most notably, against Obamacare, which is based on Romneycare, the heathcare program implemented in Massachusetts when Mitt was governor. These Republican positions are all anti-people or at least anti-people who are not part of the 1%. And, of course, the 1% includes Romney with his $250-million nest egg.

It is worth noting that Romney's 2010 tax return reveals he paid 13.9% in taxes. That is significantly lower than what the average working person pays. Additionally, Romney is hiding millions in the Cayman Islands, an offshore tax haven. The only question is, how many millions?

This is a man who, even though he wants to be President of the United States, doesn't want to contribute to the well-being of his country by paying his fair share in taxes. In essence, he's screwing all of us.

So for Willard Mitt Romney, we offer this T.S. Eliot-inspired poem:

You are of the hollow men
You are of the stuffed men
Looting together
Headpiece filled with greed. Alas!
Your dried avarices, when
You whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or vulture capitalists crawling over
broken glass
To get to do their leveraged buyouts
This is the way your candidacy ends
This is the way your candidacy ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.

FARTS IN THE WIND

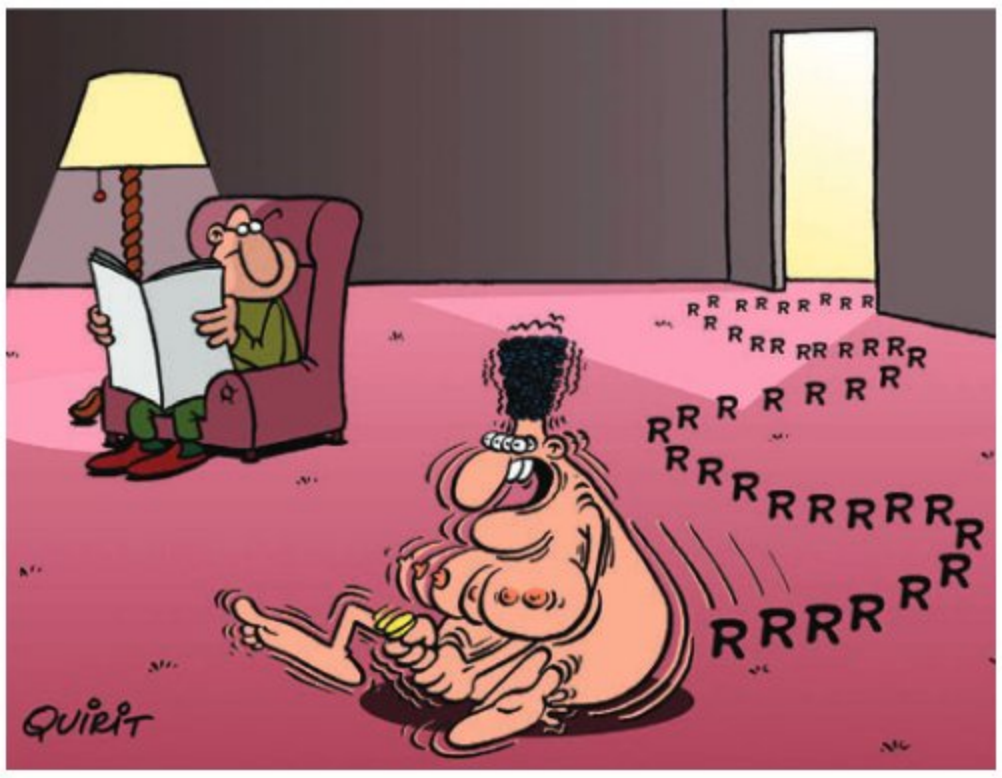
•**Kim Kardashian**, of magnificent-ass fame, has earned FITW kudos for putting her second husband—NBA player Kris Humphries—on waivers just 72 days after tying the knot. It was quite a spectacle. The lovebirds' star-studded Hollywood wedding, which became more fodder for reality TV's *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, cost an estimated $10 million—money well spent apparently. The marriage "smacks of a stunt," crisis management expert Glenn Selig told FOX411's "Pop Tarts" column. We can see why. Kardashian reportedly received discounts and freebies for promoting products—including her 20.5-carat engagement ring—during the festivities, which were later seen on the two-part E! special *Kim's Fairytale Wedding: A Kardashian Event*. (BTW: The network labeled rumors that it had orchestrated the nuptials as "completely false.") But there's no denying that *People* magazine and *Us Weekly* paid big bucks for exclusive pics. According to FoxNews.com, "Kardashian is believed to have earned $18 million from the occasion—which comes out to about $250,000 per day of not-so-wedded bliss." Also a nice payday for not having to live in the groom's preferred locale—Minnesota, one of the "irreconcilable differences" cited in Kardashian's divorce papers.

•**Kris Humphries** is still united with Kim Kardashian—in the annals of HUSTLER's second-tier Hall of Shame! Besides having to sweat out the NBA lockout, Humphries got locked out by his quickie bride—who some believe may still be infatuated with another jock, running back Reggie Bush. Before falling in love with a celebrity and then marrying her, Humphries should have known what he was getting into. Then again, many of us would like to get into a gal who has redefined "piece of ass."

"Sex: the thing that takes up the least amount of time and causes the most amount of trouble." —JOHN BARRYMORE, ACTOR

BELGIAN BOOBS

Here's an item from a Belgian whose political cartoons have been appearing in European newspapers and magazines since 1976. The quirky guy goes by the moniker Quirit, and during downtime he gets a kick out of penning adult-themed material. Witness more of Quirit's work, which he lovingly refers to as his "brain children," at **Quirit.com**.


RRRR

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #30

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Bloomberg News has unearthed shocking numbers related to the massive Wall Street bailout. The Federal Reserve secretly loaned out more than $7.7 trillion (this in addition to the $700 billion TARP fund), with much of that cash going to the too-big-to-fail banks. Those are the same banks that Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner has made a career out of protecting.

From 2007 to 2010, Bank of America and other institutions not only took billions in Fed loans on the sly but also simultaneously deceived stockholders about their financial stability. Since the loan details were kept secret, the big banks were able to perpetuate the illusion that they were in great shape. Meanwhile, Congress and the American people were kept in the dark as the banksters covertly propped themselves up on the Fed's "emergency loans" while vehemently insisting that the banking industry needed no further regulation.

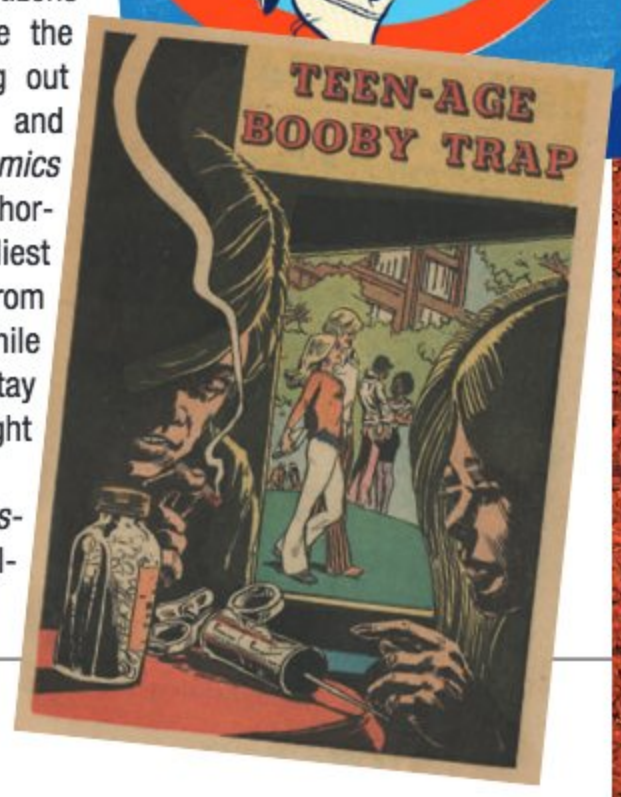
That this happened on Geithner's watch should be no surprise. He's fought hard to maintain the status quo of our fucked-up financial system. In 2010, he was instrumental in persuading Congress not to dismantle the massive banks; Timmy wanted to let the international bankers regulate themselves. Boy, that's been a winning strategy so far, hasn't it? We will continue to shit on Timmy's head until he resigns or his ass gets fired.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

An intrepid HUSTLER reader spotted this sign adorning a Salt Lake City business. We're frankly surprised that the word *beaver*—or any slang term for a vagina—hasn't been outlawed in the heavily Mormon area. It's a slippery slope, Utah. If you allow an Eager Beaver Car Wash, pretty soon Crispy Cunts Donut Shops will be opening up statewide. Thanks to D.C. of Salt Lake City for laying this pic on us!

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it to HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



When hunting for unbiased information on subjects like sex and drugs, it's unlikely that anyone in his right mind would turn to the government for answers. That hasn't stopped the United States from trying to steer its citizens onto the "proper" path. Since the 1940s, the federal government has been churning out comic books designed to alter public perceptions and behavior. Richard L. Graham's *Government Issue: Comics for the People, 1940s-2000s* provides an insightful, thorough overview of the phenomenon. Many of the earliest comics disseminated information (about everything from rifle care to STDs) to soldiers during World War II, while later publications focused on such topics as how to stay safe during a nuclear attack and why heroin use might not be a good life choice.

Government Issue: Comics for the People, 1940s-2000s (Abrams ComicArts, 304 pages, $29.95) is available wherever books are sold.

NEWSBITES

TRAPPED INSIDE OF HIMSELF

Former Arapahoe County Sheriff Patrick J. Sullivan was such a legendary figure in his Colorado community that it named the local jail after him. Now Sullivan is getting to know the facility from a new perspective: one of its cells! Sullivan, who allegedly got mixed up in the methamphetamine scene, was charged with offering dudes drugs in exchange for sexual favors. Don't worry. We're sure that the ex-lawman will be able to turn his life around, particularly now that he's somewhere entirely free of illicit narcotics and homosexual activity: the U.S. prison system.

MENNONITE MENACE

A small Ohio burg has been besieged by the latest trend in gangs: Amish thugs. Several members of a rogue sect were busted on kidnapping and burglary charges. Allegedly, the goons roughed up several former members of their splinter group and chopped off the men's beards and hair. The Amish Mennonite faith believes shaving and cutting hair are forbidden by the Bible, so this was a huge deal in the community. An Amish dude without a beard feels naked—like a Jew without a yarmulke or a priest without a boy to molest.

DOING HARD TIME

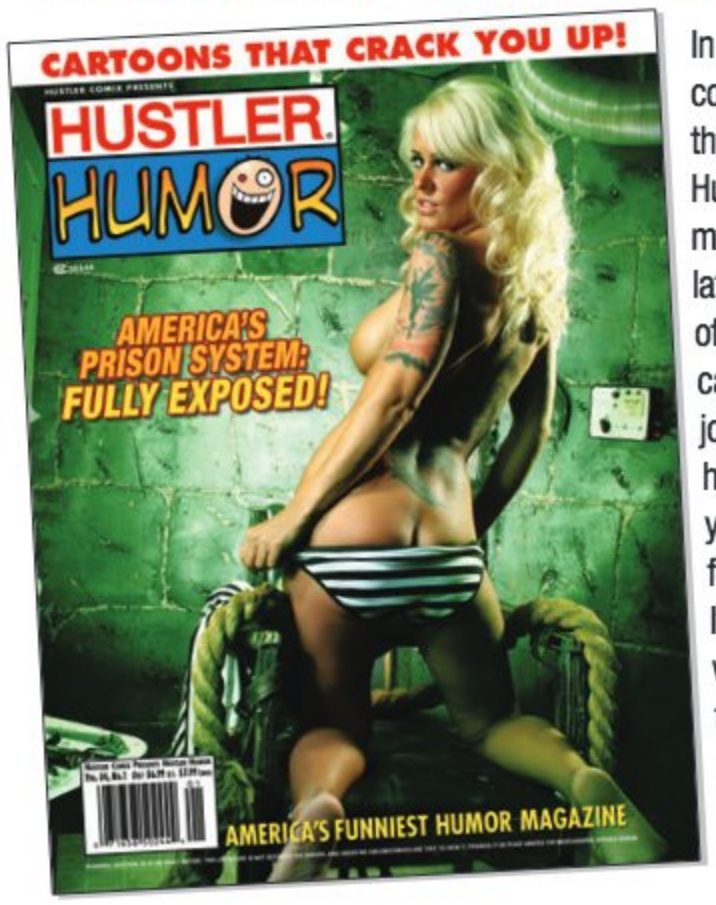
The *Miami New Times* disclosed an unusual perk being enjoyed by a handful of prisoners at that Florida city's federal detention center. Apparently, some drug lords were getting lap dances. By claiming to be paralegals, a few wily strippers were able to slip through security screening and finagle solitary visits with inmates. We're not sure what tipped the guards off. Maybe they started eavesdropping on those closed-door sessions and overheard every jailbird getting the same legal advice: "Hurry up, baby, and don't come on my tits!"

GOING DOWN

In Porter, Texas, cops were called to a burger joint to investigate a situation that later took a turn for the weird. They encountered a woman and two men in the middle of a pill-popping party and busted the trio. One of the guys was sent to a hospital, while the other two suspects were put in the back of a squad car. En route to the police station, the arresting officer couldn't see the female, so he stopped to investigate. Lo and behold, the female suspect was giving her cohort a blowjob! Somehow, even though the gal was handcuffed, she'd managed to get the dude's fly down. That's one hummer that would have made Houdini proud.

"Sex: In America, an obsession. In other parts of the world, a fact." —MARLENE DIETRICH, ACTRESS

HOT OFF THE PRESSES



In a world gone mad, it's comforting to know that the fine folks at HUSTLER Humor are still bringing mirth to the masses. The latest issue is packed full of the sexually charged cartoons, comics and jokes that its readers have come to expect. If you know what's good for you, seek out a copy. If you don't know what's good for you, try to fuck your toaster. Call 1-800-763-8271 (ext. 7651) for credit card orders.

PUSSY LOLLY

If you're the type of guy who's too nervous to enjoy a Popsicle in public because of the homoerotic connotations, the Pussy Lolly might be for you. Four German students have launched a company that manufactures a lollipop bearing an eerie resemblance to a vagina. Since the sweet treat tastes like a plum, we're guessing flavors like week-old salmon and boiled white-fish were shot down in the test-marketing phase. For more information, including where to purchase this novelty confection, visit **PussyLolly.com**.

PHOTO BY CHRIS GAHHAN
1. Peace
2. Freedom
3. Prosperity
Sonja Myers is a dance music artist, model, entrepreneur and independent businesswoman. She often collaborates musically with artists overseas and her songs can be heard at: www.Myspace.com/sonjaMusik.
She supports Dr. Paul's message of individuality and self-reliance in his campaign for the presidency as she expresses her own unique personality in her work. She sees the possibility of true prosperity for our country with restoration of the freedoms guaranteed us by our constitution.
"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all."
– George Washington
"We can achieve much more in peace than we can ever achieve in these needless, unconstitutional, undeclared wars."
– Ron Paul
"The freedom message unites us all, it does not divide us."
– Ron Paul

LIBERTARIAN LOVELIES

Over the years, Congressman Ron Paul (R-Texas) has earned many fans—as well as numerous detractors—for his uncompromising stands on issues like ending the Iraq War and shrinking the federal government. Love him or loathe him, Paul consistently marches to his own drummer.

Now, the die-hard libertarian and former gynecologist has inspired some of his female fans to declare their support by showing some skin. The "Pin-ups for Ron Paul 2012" calendar offers a tastefully revealing look at a dozen of the perennial Presidential candidate's loveliest backers. (It also contributes 20% of the proceeds to his campaign chest.) Creator Juliet Annerino, a professional singer and one of the models, says the calendar is "a pretty package for a powerful message" about Paul's anti-interventionist, antiwar stance. The calendar goes for $19.95 at **Pinups4RonPaul.com**.

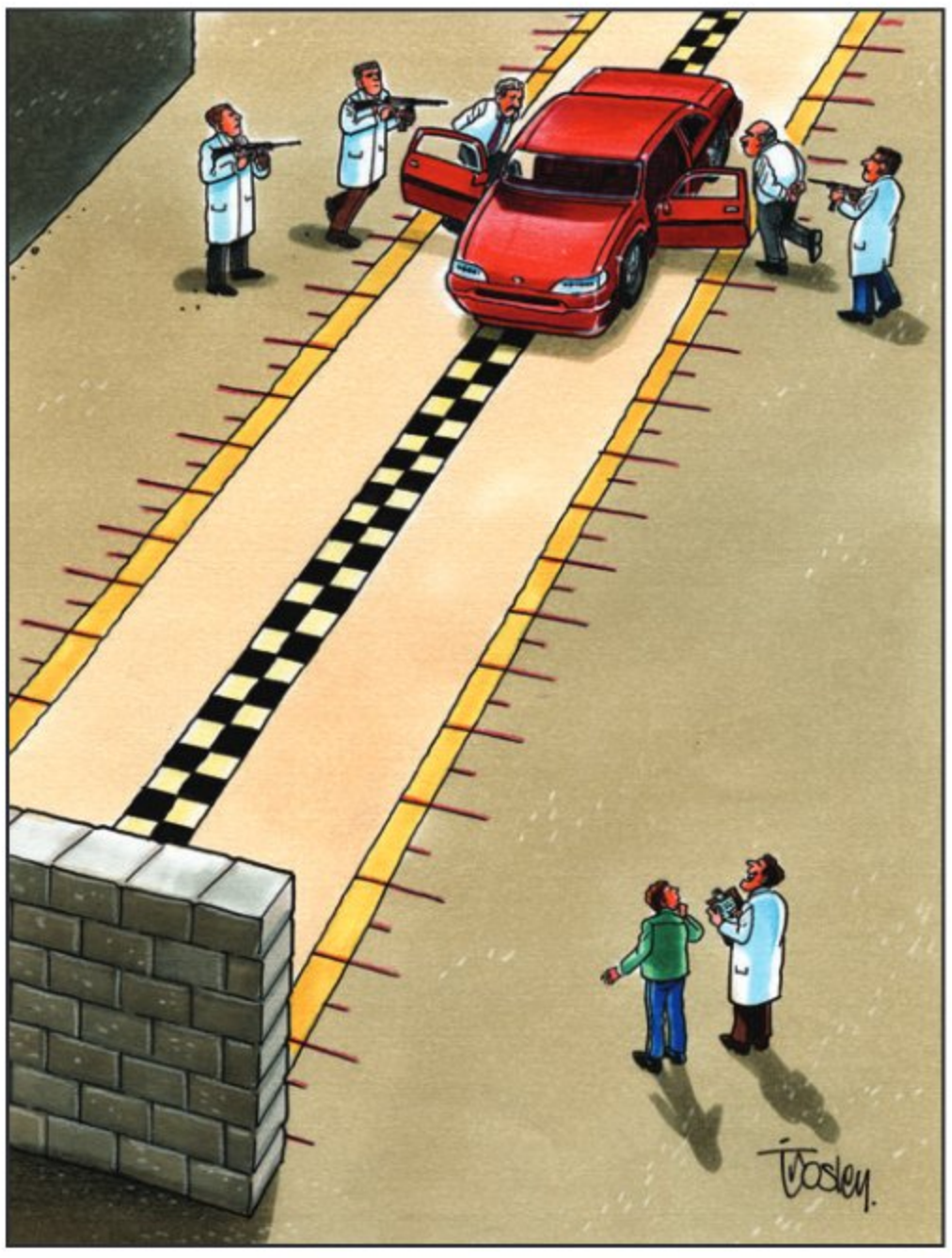
We're hoping this starts a trend among the GOP's White House aspirants. Who wouldn't want to see 12 of Mitt Romney's Mormon supporters posing in their finest magic underwear? Rick Santorum's calendar would probably be too hard-core for us.

"Sex is kicking death in the ass while singing." —CHARLES BUKOWSKI, WRITER

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

"There, that's what I think of global warming."

"Toot! Toot! Chug, chug, chug! Roll over, baby—here comes the Butthole Express!"



"We don't use crash dummies anymore. We just use politicians."

"Somebody's been using my penis enlarger!"

LARRY FLYNT'S

HUSTLER CLUB®

LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT!

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
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WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

DREAM GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

ARYANA AUGUSTINE

The ambitious **Aryana Augustine**, who first caught our eye as a December 2011 *Beaver Hunt* standout, is now looking to make some headway in the XXX world. "I'm just starting out," she announces, "and it's such an honor to be featured in HUSTLER." **Aryana**—a die-hard fan of hard rock and horror flicks—also has a sense of history. "I would've loved living in the '70s," she reflects. "It would've been awesome being a porn star during that golden era!"

Missing out on the glory days of hard-core cinema hasn't deterred **Aryana** from cultivating a wonderfully dirty mind. Describing her ideal sexual scenario, the statuesque darling coos, "I've always fantasized about being in a dimly lit bedroom with two hot guys. I imagine them caressing my naked body, kissing me all over."

Aryana's fantasies are very specific, so we'll allow her to elaborate: "One guy is lying on the bed. I get on top of him and ride until I come all over his hard cock. Then the other guy grabs my ass and slides his cock deep inside. At the end, I want to hear both guys moaning with satisfaction while they spray my face and boobs with hot cum."

For the record, Aryana's real-life sexual experiences haven't exactly been tame. "One time I was driving to Florida with this extremely hot guy, and I got the sudden urge to give him a blowjob," the uninhibited newbie reveals. "After sucking his dick for a few miles, we stopped at this dirty old run-down motel. We didn't get a room—we just parked while I crawled on top of him, pulled my panties aside and slid his big cock inside me!"

For Aryana, it was more than memorable: "The darkness, the dirtiness of it all, the grungy motel, wondering if people were looking at us through their windows. It makes me want to do it again right now!"

ARYANA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Tallassee, Alabama | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 125

BY CHRISTOPHER KETCHAM

THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT COAST TO COAST

NEW YORK CITY EVICTION NIGHT

PHOTO COURTESY SCOTT HOUSTON/CORBIS/APIMAGES

Class revolt: An Occupy Wall Street protester is hauled off by police after demonstrators attempt to block access to the New York Stock Exchange.

BLOOD SPILLS AS THE POWER ELITE'S MERCENARIES DISPERSE THE "RABBLE" IN OCCUPY WALL STREET'S TENT CITY.

On the evening of October 26, 2011—the day after the police assault on the Occupy Oakland encampment in California—I got a text message from a source at New York City's Zuccotti Park, the Occupy Wall Street encampment. The text stated: "march planned 9pm, solidarity with Oakland, might be hairy."

In Oakland, riot cops fired tear gas and rubber bullets into the crowd, cracked heads and arrested scores of protesters. In an incident quickly tweeted and YouTubed by outraged Occupiers across the country, the police had shot a 24-year-old Iraq War vet named Scott Olsen with a tear-gas canister, fracturing his skull.

When I got the news of the Oakland solidarity march, I rushed across the East River from Brooklyn on my bicycle—I'd been going to Zuccotti Park almost every day for weeks—and rode amid the crowd as it pushed into the streets. The Zuccotti campers thought Oakland could happen in New York—ground zero of the Occupy movement, which had spread to more than 100 U.S. cities and 1,500 locations worldwide.

There were perhaps 300 people, led by a snare drummer, a man on tom-toms and a bagpiper. "Occupy my fist!" someone shouted. The demonstrators' destination was Union Square, two miles north of Zuccotti Park. A chant rose up—"Let's go Oakland!"—that echoed in the office canyons. Two dozen scooter cops raced along to keep the march on the sidewalks as it moved uptown. That's when the police launched an attack. There was the usual screaming and groaning and crying out as the cops threw some of the marchers to the ground, cuffed them and dragged them away.

But the demonstrators would not be deterred.

For a brief moment, the confrontation stopped all traffic on Broadway for a half-mile stretch below Union Square as protesters by the hundreds filled the thoroughfare. The cops had lost control, and the Occupiers gloried in it. "Disruption!" a protester cried. The cry was answered. Some motorists honked their horns in solidarity. Others stepped out of their cars, fists raised.

Disruption of normal affairs has been the purpose of Occupy from its birth in an America that had been hijacked by corporate money and Wall Street predators. Democracy had been irrevocably corrupted, and the American Dream of a shared prosperity had become a cruel joke. This became the norm, and We the People were supposed to stand dumb on the sidelines.

Voting hasn't worked to change the intolerable status quo. Letters to Congress haven't worked. The Democrats are as purchased as the Republicans. The institutional left, the so-called vanguard of "progressivism," has sat on its ass as President Barack Obama's "hope and change" rhetoric turned out to be a rotten lie.

The only option remaining was to get in the streets en masse and make trouble—take direct action to protest the immorality of a political system fixed against the interests of the American people, the great mass, what the Occupiers call "the 99%."

This is an old-school eruption—a resurgence of the Populist movement of the 1890s, an economics-driven revolt from the radical left. The class lines are drawn: the 99% versus the 1%, namely the superrich oligarchs who seem to be the only winners in the game of unrestrained capitalism.

Occupy is unlike any political movement the country has seen in a generation. While on its face it resembles 1960s antiwar radicalism, it goes far deeper: Occupy isn't merely about ending an unjust war; it's about demolishing an entire economic system built on injustice.

Zuccotti Park, Occupy Wall Street's home for almost two months, was finally attacked on November 15. After midnight, more than a thousand NYPD officers in riot gear massed on its perimeter as the tent city was zapped with floodlights mounted on cranes. The cops moved in, swinging batons and blasting pepper spray at the Occupiers, who'd piled up barricades of chairs and tables then held fast to one another, forming human walls. The kids were shattered apart, blood was spattered, and hundreds of protesters were arrested, crying in agony, blinded by chemicals, beaten with clubs.

By 4 a.m., the encampment had been sacked—the tents tossed in fragments, the celebrated Zuccotti library of more than 5,000 books junked in dump trucks, the homeless Occupiers finding refuge at various churches that opened their doors as shelters.

The raid had been coordinated at the highest levels of government, with the mayors of 18 cities and the advisory assistance of the Department of Homeland Security. Mayor Michael Bloomberg had learned lessons from his counterparts in Oakland and Denver. The violence of the police in New York City and elsewhere was part of a larger plan.

As day broke on November 15, the dispersed Occupiers gathered again by the hundreds outside Zuccotti Park. Armed with a temporary restraining order (TRO) that the Occupiers' lawyers had secured from a New York State judge, they tried to gain admittance to the park before the TRO expired at 11:30 a.m. When 55-year-old Beth Bogart waved the document at the cops, one of them punched her in the face, knocking her to the ground. Bogart went to a hospital with a concussion.

At 11:25, an Occupier named Damien Guarniere, who had lived in a tent in Zuccotti Park for six weeks, told the crowd, "We have to take back the park now!"

The burly 41-year-old carried an American flag on a long pole, waving it as he leapt the barricade. A cop body-slammed Guarniere, who landed back over the barricade on his ass, but he never let go of the flag. Standing up, Guarniere very calmly said to the officer, "You just assaulted me." When he again climbed over the barricade and planted the flag in the soil, the cops swarmed in like bees. But the flag stood.

Two days after the eviction, on November 17, Occupy Wall Street organized its largest march to date: over 32,000 people gathered in Foley Square then marched to and crossed the Brooklyn Bridge. Earlier in the day, the streets around the New York Stock Exchange were shut down by angry, shouting crowds. The demonstrators included Ray Lewis, a retired Philadelphia police captain who carried a sign saying, "NYPD DON'T BE THE MERCENARIES OF WALL STREET." Facing New York's Finest, the ex-captain demanded to be arrested. The NYPD complied, hauling Lewis away as the protesters let out a gargantuan Occupy cheer.

PHOTO COURTESY GETTY IMAGES

Crackdown: Police arrest an OWS protester following the early-morning eviction of Zuccotti Park campers.

The events of November 17 are historic if only for what they portend. The premise of Occupy Wall Street—this idea of a class revolt against the power of big money—is spreading. Disruption has become the order of the day.

As of this writing, Occupy CUNY is underway with City University of New York students camping in hallways to protest tuition hikes. And in Oakland there is a call for a general strike to shut down every port on the West Coast.

Whether or not the Occupy protests will endure depends on outflanking the moneyed classes in power that want the movement killed in its infancy. I think they're too late. The hundred-plus coast-to-coast occupations, in urban enclaves like Zuccotti Park, have cross-pollinated by using the Internet to share tactics for a national movement. A core of organizers has emerged in New York City, among them Shen Tong, who in 1989 helped organize China's student-led demonstrations calling for economic reform and liberalization of the Communist nation.

Now an American citizen, Tong told me that Occupy Wall Street "is more important than Tiananmen [Square]—it's the single most important thing in the world right now. A civic revival: real direct citizen participation without waiting for institutions to tell people what to do and how to do it."

Headquartered in a ratty office a few blocks from Zuccotti Park, OWS is building coalitions. It now has wide support from student activists and organized labor—Teamsters, AFL-CIO, teachers, transit workers. "It's a new country," says labor organizer and Baruch College professor Jackie DiSalvo, who has been working with OWS. "You have the beginnings of a labor coalition like we've not seen in our lifetimes. This idea that we're all united against the 1%: It's powerful; it's resonating; it's huge."

A few days after the fall of Zuccotti Park—while flying to Fort Lauderdale, Florida—I got a sense of just how powerful the Occupy movement has become. Sitting next to me on the plane was Phyllis Weisler, 68. The retired schoolteacher and grandmother of four told me she was facing ruin in the Great Recession. Weisler was stuck underwater on a mortgage (to the tune of more than $100,000), had depleted her savings, was about to declare bankruptcy and had to come out of retirement to try to find a job. "If it wasn't for the lying and cheating and stealing of Wall Street," she said, "the country would be okay; I'd be okay."

Leaning toward me, Weisler added, alluding to Islamic terrorists, "Let me put this nicely: If the people in the Middle East asked for one place to hit, let it be Wall Street. Blow the place up. I think that would keep the rest of us safe."

I told her all about the Occupy movement, which she'd not yet heard of: the 99%, the politics of disruption, the encampment at Zuccotti Park, the union support.

Weisler cut me off. "I'm for it!" she cried. "The 99%! We need disruption!"

When grandmothers are talking this way, revolution is afoot. ■

Christopher Ketcham is a New York City-based freelance reporter who has written for *Vanity Fair*, *Mother Jones*, Salon.com and many other publications and Web sites. He can be reached at ***CKetcham99@MindSpring.com***. More of his work can be found at **ChristopherKetcham.com**.

BY MIKE FEDER

PHOTO COURTESY GETTY IMAGES

THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT

DENVER EVICTION NIGHT

AN UGLY DISPLAY OF POLICE BRUTALITY TRUMPS FREE EXPRESSION.

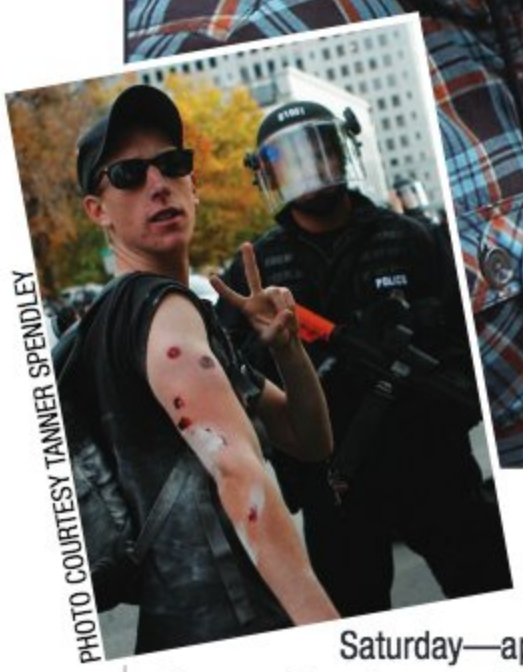


PHOTO COURTESY TANNER SPENDLEY

Riot police clash with demonstrators at the Occupy Denver encampment; inset, an Occupier displays wounds from plastic bullets fired by police.

After nightfall on November 12, 2011—a Saturday—approximately 200 Denver riot police armed with batons, pepper spray and other weapons surrounded about a hundred Occupiers in Civic Center Park. The demonstrators had been given notice the previous day that they were in violation of local ordinances and the police would arrive the next day to "clean up" the camp. Heeding the warning, some of the Occupiers left on Saturday morning.

Those who stayed asked for a little time to round up their belongings. The police okayed their request. The demonstrators remained peaceful, just as they had since Occupy Denver began in late September.

As some of the group began to clean up, others linked arms on the perimeter of the park. Suddenly, without any warning, pepper-ball bullets and tear gas canisters were shot into the encampment. Then the cops charged, indiscriminately swinging their batons and pepper-spraying the protesters, throwing them to the ground, firing rubber bullets at close range. The overwhelmed demonstrators scattered in different directions.

But simply "doing their job"—arresting 17 Occupiers, dispersing the rest, trashing their personal items—wasn't good enough for the cops. They lost control, chasing the demonstrators for blocks, "hunting us down like dogs," according to Jeannie Hartley, a member of the Occupy Denver group. She took two gratuitous baton blows to her legs.

Police continued their rampage. There was no mercy shown the protesters as individuals or when they attempted to band together in small groups. In either case they were pursued, boxed in and attacked without restraint.

Chris Steele, a Denver-based reporter for *The Examiner*, saw several demonstrators being struck by batons, as well as a cop pepper-spraying two children—standing next to their mothers—who had been visiting the camp.

Steele also witnessed a motorcycle cop riding his bike into a male demonstrator and knocking him to the ground. When Colorado Street Medics tried to treat the apparently unconscious victim as he lay in a traffic median, the cops wouldn't permit it. Later, when asked to give their names, the officers refused.

As a result of the police rampage, several Occupiers were sent to the hospital. The man hit by the motorcycle cop was charged with assault.

When a couple of hundred people in Denver (or New York City or Berkeley—or anywhere else in the Land of the Free) put their bodies on the line and try to sound the alarm that our democracy is dying from bone-deep corruption and greed, what happens? The authorities (at the behest of the rich and the powerful) order their police to attack these people with chemical weapons, beat them up and arrest them.

Americans didn't sacrifice their lives at Lexington and Concord, or on Omaha Beach and Iwo Jima, so that their elected government could spy on its own citizens, conspire with investment bankers and corporate lobbyists to swindle us, eliminate our jobs and then sic the police (and now, possibly, the military) on us when we gather to protest these crimes.

There is nothing new about soldiers, cops or hired hands committing violent acts against citizens when their lords and masters, and the system they represent, are threatened. It happened in 1770 with the Boston Massacre. It happened in the late 19th and early 20th centuries at the railway yards in Chicago, in Pennsylvania coal mines, in Idaho copper mines and in the sweatshops of Manhattan's Lower East Side. It happened at the 1932 Bonus Marchers' encampment in Washington, D.C. It happened in Selma in 1965, and it happened at Kent State in 1970. Gathering in protest, ordinary Americans were beaten, shot or thrown into prison after rigged trials.

The real point is not that the enforcers lost control but that the "rabble" didn't know their place. These colonists, blue-collar workers, blacks, women, gays, immigrants and impoverished masses forgot for a moment that they were subjects of a king, president, governor, mayor or robber baron. So the country's real owners (the elite, superwealthy 1%) stepped in to remind the common herd (the 99%) to get back down where it belonged.

One of 2011's major protest events that completely escaped police brutality occurred in Madison, Wisconsin. When the Koch brothers' puppet governor and state legislature attempted to eviscerate the collective bargaining rights of Wisconsin's unionized public workers, the rank and file were spurred to take action. They descended on Madison—in the tens of thousands—to occupy the Capitol building.

So why was there not one raised baton, not a whiff of pepper spray? Because with a sizable contingent of off-duty police union members taking part in the protests, there wasn't going to be any violence. As part of the 99%, the Madison cops realized that they are as much the targets of the rich and powerful as any demonstrator in a public park or any American who was losing

his job, pension or health benefits.

The corporate-controlled media (owned and operated by the 1%) claim that the protesters are a public nuisance because they illegally occupy public spaces and private property. It's true; Occupiers across the country are breaking laws. They're trespassing, marching without permits and, in some cases, violating local ordinances governing noise and sanitation. These are all minor offenses, most of them worth no more than a citation.

If you tally the dimensions of every Occupy encampment nationwide (which evictions have drastically reduced, at least for the present), they're taking up no more than a couple of thousand square yards of public and private property. The 1% owns a substantial portion of the rest. And what they don't own outright, they control with their tame Congress, their purchased President and their predatory banks.

This is what the Occupy movement is entreating America to understand: The *real* "occupiers" are the obscenely rich; the 1% of the population that controls most of the nation's wealth—along with its well-paid army of lobbyists—has occupied Congress, the Supreme Court and the White House.

The rich and their fake "grassroots" political organizations occupy every state Capitol, most city halls, almost all broadcast and print newsrooms and most university administrations. They are an imperial power that has taken over our land, our economy and our government.

The people who are in the front lines of the Occupy movement are modern-day Paul Reveres sounding an alarm. They know that our country is more than halfway down the road to becoming a classic fascist state in which Big Business and state power are completely merged.

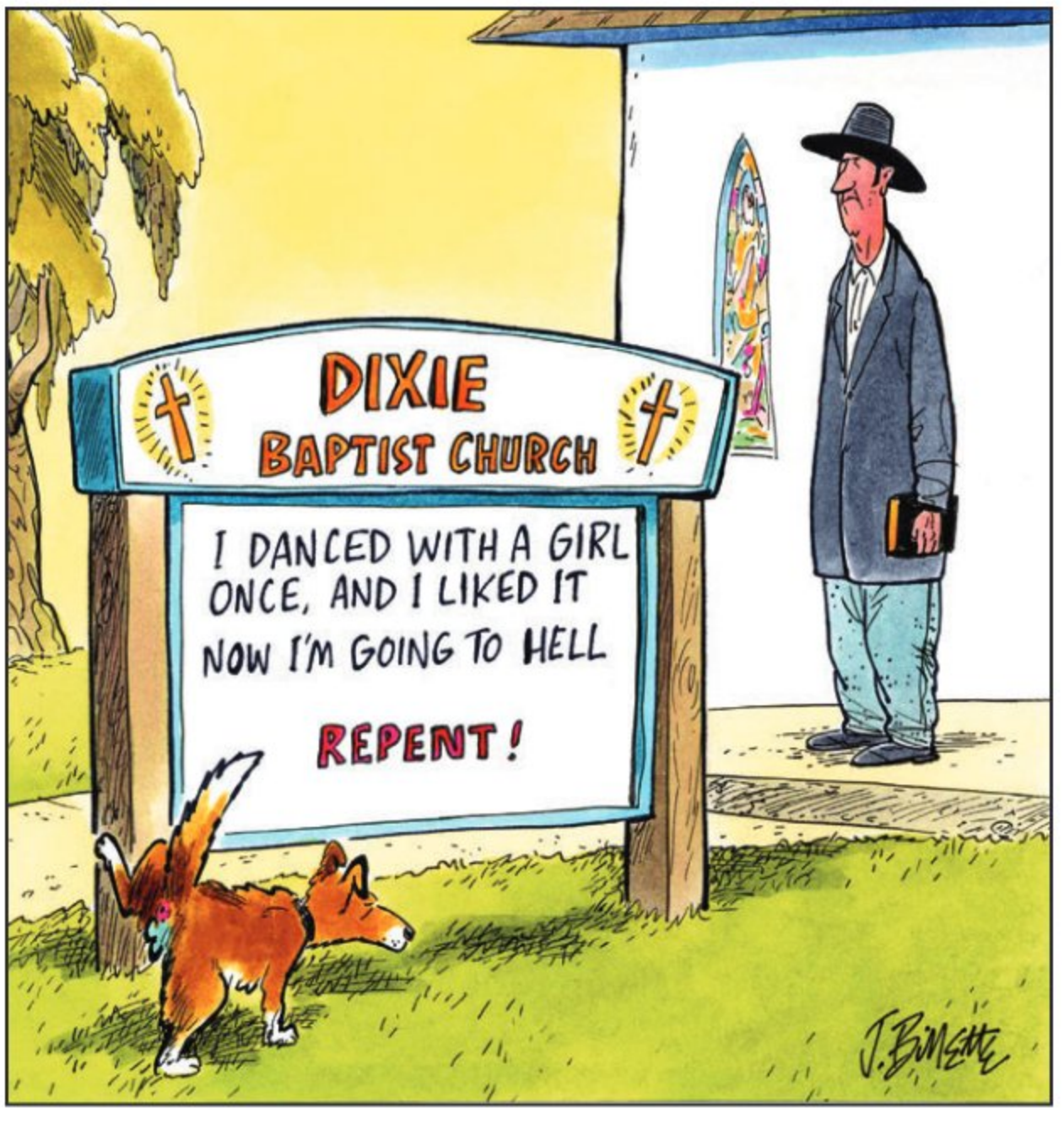
Comedian George Carlin once quipped, "They call it the American Dream because you have to be asleep to believe it." Well, Americans are finally waking from a 40-year consumer-obsessed, entertainment-addicted, campaign-rhetoric-induced coma.

While we ate their bread and cheered their circuses, the Imperium was busy buying our government. Now every four years, the powers that be hand it back to us on Election Day to create the illusion that we live in an actual democracy. When the polls close, the door is locked and bolted again, and we slip back into our national daydream—eating junk food, flipping channels and selling our souls for chump change.

The Founders knew that the American Revolution was not a bunch of mumbo jumbo on parchment or high-minded words lying inert in some history book. The American Revolution has no term limits, it doesn't stop at red lights, and it doesn't pause for commercials. It's happening right now. ■

Mike Feder lives in Manhattan and is the author of *New York Son* and *The Talking Cure*. A radio personality for over 35 years, he currently hosts *The Mike Feder Show* (Saturdays on SiriusXM Left 127).

"Amazing! Another prediction of the end of the world in 2012! It blames it on an obstructionist Congress."



BY JORDAN DAVID

THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT
LOS ANGELES EVICTION NIGHT
OUTSIDE THE ENCAMPMENT
BATONS FLAILED AS REPORTERS COWERED WITHIN THE SAFE CONFINES OF THEIR POLICE-DESIGNATED MEDIA SECTION.

PHOTO COURTESY JORDAN DAVID

Meet the press: During L.A. Eviction Night, news personnel (at left) in the taped-off media section are blind to police brutality transpiring in nearby streets.

On November 30, 2011, I witnessed the same acts of police brutality by the LAPD that have come to typify other Occupy evictions across the country. Everyone knew that zero hour was approaching. That's what brought me to the park around L.A.'s City Hall, where Occupiers had been encamped for almost two months. An hour after I arrived, the LAPD began shutting down nearby streets and freeway off-ramps to prevent additional people from joining the demonstrators.

Outside the Occupy encampment but within police barricades, at the intersection of Broadway and First Street, about a hundred supporters had assembled. I was standing with them when a chant went up: "Let them in! Let them in!"

Just after midnight, with the protesters still clamoring to let the others through, yelling erupted from the City Hall encampment. Looking down the street, I saw people scrambling. "The police are coming!" someone shouted. I ran to check out the action.

I was astonished to see, on my left, a huge police contingent marching toward me with military precision. To my right, the same exact thing. Cops were swarming from every direction—including from inside City Hall—like storm troopers. Later press reports put their number at 1,400, not counting those from the L.A. County Sheriff's Department.

Along with a dozen or so other protesters, I was corralled right in front of the media, which had been herded into a taped-off zone across the street from the Occupy encampment. Leaping over the tape—as did many others—I attempted to blend in with the news people. Eventually a police officer asked to see my press credentials. Handing him a letter from the magazine, I told him I was on assignment for HUSTLER.

"No," the cop snorted. "This doesn't work. This is just a piece of paper. You need authorization from LAPD to be here. Move along please." I complied, going to the opposite side of the media sanctuary, where I wasn't asked again to produce credentials.

Instead of remaining in an area where nothing could be seen or heard, I rejoined the protesters in the street. A warning to disperse had been issued, and the protesters had to decide whether to stay and risk arrest or march through the streets of downtown. Before they could agree, though, the police moved in, swiftly apprehending some protesters while the majority fled.

A number of protesters who were trapped on the street tried to run through the police lines only to be pummeled by cops swinging batons. Other protesters started to march randomly through the streets as an LAPD helicopter hovered overhead, searchlight on, assessing the situation. When protesters went down one street, a line of police equipped with riot gear would appear in front of them. When they turned around to go in another direction, the same thing would occur. It was a cat-and-mouse game as protesters were chased up and down the streets surrounding City Hall.

Some who were caught in the dragnet were subjected to vicious tackling, shoving or, most disturbingly, a bashing from batons. After an hour of eluding the police and taking their licks, the dispirited marchers disappeared into the night. In the end, 292 protesters were arrested. As had happened to its counterparts in other cities, Occupy Los Angeles was shut down by a show of force.

None of the foregoing was reported by the mainstream press, whose cowardly personnel chose to stay in their taped-off sanctuary.

Jordan David is a political science major at Southern California's College of the Canyons. He took a semester off so he could participate in Occupy Wall Street. For his eyewitness report, see the April '12 issue.

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

LOS ANGELES EVICTION NIGHT: INSIDE THE ENCAMPMENT

***FAMILY GUY* STAFFER DETAILS HIS CONFRONTATION WITH THE LAPD**

Patrick Meighan—a comedy writer for the hit series *Family Guy*—was one of the nearly 300 protesters arrested during the

Occupy L.A. eviction on November 30, 2011. He had been sitting near a tent with about 50 other protesters chanting "We are peaceful," "We are nonviolent" and "Join us" when—weapons drawn—1,400 heavily armed police officers in SWAT gear stormed the Occupy encampment near City Hall just after midnight. Meighan watched as officers used knives to slice open every tent then drag out those sleeping inside and maliciously destroy any personal property they could get their hands on.

LAPD officers ordered Meighan's group to unlink their arms. Those who refused had their bodies twisted like pretzels until, screaming in agony, they let go of their comrades. It was "designed to terrorize the rest of us," Meighan later wrote in a blogpost. Despite telling an L.A. cop he would cooperate, Meighan had his arms wrenched behind his back and his wrists hyper-extended.

"It was super-violent, it hurt really, really bad, and he was doing it on purpose," Meighan wrote. "When I involuntarily recoiled in pain, the LAPD officer threw me face-first to the pavement…my face started bleeding, and I was very scared. I begged for mercy." Meighan's hands were zipcuffed so tightly behind his back, he suffered nerve damage. But his ordeal was far from over.

For the next seven hours, Meighan was forced to sit with other protesters—their hands still zipcuffed—in a parking structure at Parker Center (LAPD headquarters). Some Occupiers passed out, including one man who rolled to the floor and vomited until losing consciousness. Officers watched as this happened but did nothing. No one was allowed access to lavatories.

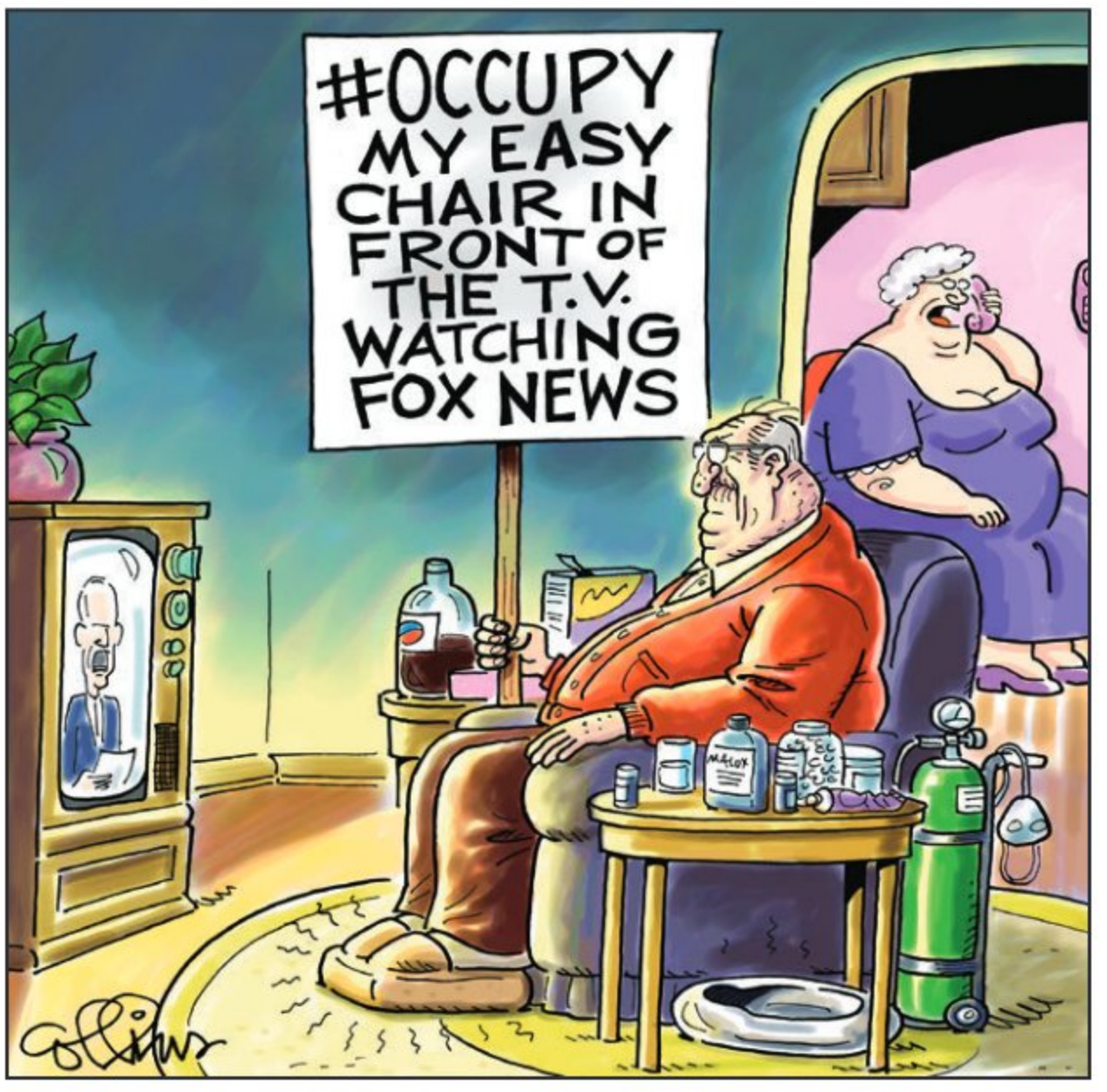
Nevertheless, Mayor Antonio Villaraigosa called the raid "the finest moment in the history of the [LAPD]."

It wasn't until after sunrise that the protesters were finally taken into Parker Center and charged with a misdemeanor, which typically results in a simple citation. Instead, bail for each Occupier was set at $5,000—an amount few could afford. Those like Meighan who could cough up the money were denied bail, as well as access to a lawyer.

For the next 18 hours, Meighan languished with 16 other protesters in an eight-man jail cell, catching some sleep on the floor next to the toilet. After more than 25 hours in custody, Meighan was ultimately released. But his fellow Occupiers who were unable to post bail were incarcerated for 48 hours—the legal maximum for a misdemeanor.

"What does it say about our country," Meighan expressed in his blog, "that nonviolent protesters are given the bottom of a police boot while those who steal hundreds of billions, do trillions worth of damage to our economy and shatter our social fabric for a generation are not only spared the zipcuffs but showered with rewards?"

"When a sensible guest somehow gets on my show and begins to prove my position as ridiculous, I always rudely interrupt and then loudly talk over them until the interview is over. Works every time!"



"It's Day 9,006."

BY MARK JOHNSON

HOW A XXX POWERHOUSE PLANS ON CONQUERING THE WORLD

Adult superstar Nyomi Banxxx has turned out titles that run the gamut from the classy all-girl elegance of her own *Nyomi's Diary* series to the excesses of *Black Ass Addiction*. Recently honored with the 2011 Urban X Award for Female Performer of the Year, the actress, singer, screenwriter and devoted mother is on a God-given mission to build her own entertainment empire.

A DAY IN THE LIFE NYOMI BA

I'm standing in front of a typical suburban home in the sun-scorched desert north of Los Angeles. This is one of those planned communities built to cash in on white-flight migration. It's not the home I'd expect for hard-core's top black performer, but as I'll soon discover, few things about Nyomi Banxxx are predictable.

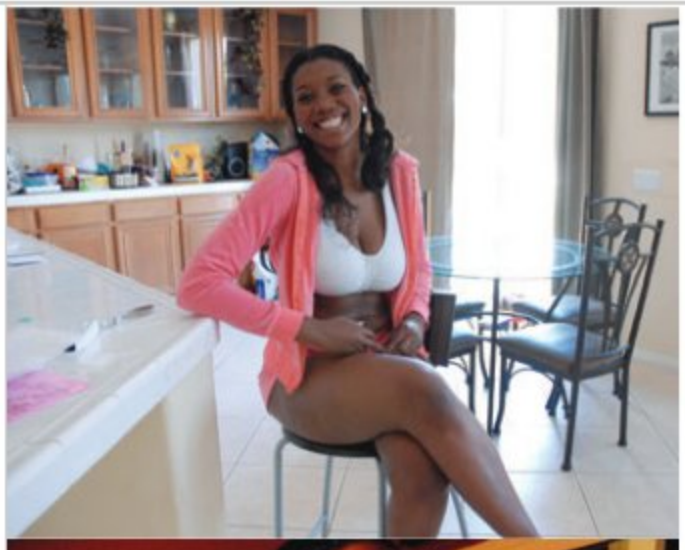
She opens the door. A pink tracksuit, the letters NB emblazoned over the left side of her bulging chest, hugs her curvy figure, accenting her luscious brown skin. Smiling, she gives me a hug. Nyomi is every bit as impressive in real life as she is onscreen.

As I follow her through the house, three tiny dogs bouncing at her feet, I try to ignore the fantasies in my head. Passing a display case of porn awards, we enter a bright living room with framed family photos on the wall. Some pictures are of her as a little girl, still unburdened by the stress of adulthood.

"I support three households," Nyomi says. "When my family needs money, they come to me." She's clearly proud of that. Pointing to a photo, she says, "That's my oldest daughter. She's away in beauty school. My youngest lives here with me."

In the kitchen, Nyomi jangles some car keys. She's ready to get the day started—breakfast be damned. "I'm not a

GLAMOUR PHOTO FROM *HITCHHIKERS* COURTESY WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS
CANDID PHOTO BY MARK JOHNSON



PHOTOS BY MARK JOHNSON

morning eater," she admits.

"I know it's your day off," I respond, following her out the door, "but do you plan on doing anything naked?"

She laughs. "I used to walk around naked all the time. Now it's my job, so I wear clothes in my free time." Damn!

First order of business: the bank. A few faces at the branch light up when Nyomi enters. "I've had some of the guys here tell me they love my work," she says. "The men always recognize me."

"Does it ever bother you?" I ask.

She shrugs. "That's what I signed up for."

Next we hit an apparel shop where the employees smile in recognition. "Everybody knows you," I note.

"There aren't that many black people out here," she says.

Nyomi flips through dresses. She needs a red-carpet outfit for a basketball gala. "I shouldn't say this," she confesses, "but I'm not a Lakers fan. Ever since [head coach] Phil Jackson left the Bulls for the Lakers, I've held a grudge." Guess you can't take Chicago out of the girl.

Nyomi models a couple of slinky options, both of which have a hard time containing her curves. I smile my approval.

"I used to work at Firestone tires," she says. "I was always getting written up for dressing too provocatively. The customers, mostly truckers, didn't have a problem with it. Whenever they said something slick, I always had a comeback. I didn't think it was sexual harassment, but the corporate bosses complained. I said, 'If you want me to give up my personal freedom, you'd better give me a raise.' I was out soon after."

Moving on, we blow through a shoe store and a pricey wig shop, then stop for lunch at a sushi joint. Every porn star has bizarre war stories: torn assholes, vomit mishaps and the like. Chewing raw fish, Nyomi regales me with tales of a temperamental jaw.

"I have to be careful when I do blowjob scenes," she says. "And even when I eat. One time, after some dental work, my jaw was so swollen from holding my mouth open, I couldn't open it again. I had to cancel a shoot! Another time, I was eating a Wendy's big burger and opened my mouth too wide. The TMJ [temporomandibular joint] dislocated. It got stuck open! I had to have a doctor pop it back into place. I looked ridiculous walking around with my mouth wide open." She laughs. "At least in my movies, there's a cock in it."

Despite the casual blowjob references, she doesn't seem like a porn star, just an attractive, down-to-earth lady. "You got into porn later than most do," I say.

Nyomi nods. "I was over 30. A lot of the girls treat me like some sort of mother figure. They're always telling me their troubles."

"That's because you seem like a normal person." There's an awkward silence.

"I don't like it when you say 'normal,'" she counters. "What is a porn star supposed to look and act like?"

"Most are always on," I reply, "always performing. Do you think porn has changed how you express your femininity?"

"It's the same except that before porn, you would rarely see me in jogging pants. I'd be in heels, dressed flamboyantly. Since porn, all that's calmed down. Nyomi was always a big part of me. Now I can step away from Nyomi more often and be Amanda."

Amanda Dee is the name Nyomi uses for her mainstream endeavors. She used to fear her porn background might hurt her, but now she thinks the link might be a selling point.

"You feel more honest now, expressing your sexuality?"

"Yes, I always loved being sexy and being onstage," Nyomi confides. "I did beauty pageants when I was a teenager—Miss Black America, Miss Chicago, Miss Midwest Beauty. Later some nude modeling, but I never thought about porn. When my agent suggested it after I moved to L.A., I said, 'Oh no!' and walked out. Six months later I got a call from my mom. My

Nyomi with Imani Rose and Lexington Steele in *Desperate Blackwives #6*.

PHOTO COURTESY METRO MEDIA

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dad was really sick. The care was expensive. She wanted me to come home and help. I'd been in Chicago all my life. I just couldn't go back. That's when I started researching porn."

Nyomi continues, "I wasn't worried about me. I didn't want to hurt my family. I knew I would have to make a name for myself. If I didn't, the movies would always be there, and I would have nothing to show for it. I made sure I knew who I wanted Nyomi to be. Then I went back to my agent and said, 'I'm ready.'"

Dipping a California roll into some soy sauce, she downs it. "I'm all about signs. The phone call from my mom about my dad was a sign."

A sign to do porn?

"People always said, 'That's disgusting; that's nasty; don't do it.' I wanted people to know, especially in the black community, that being sexual is okay. They still ask me, 'Why are you degrading yourself?' I say, 'This is what I want to do, so I'm not.'"

"What if the name of the movie is *Nasty Ghetto Hos*?"

"When I started," Nyomi recalls, "I said I won't do those kinds of movies, but I can't control it if people take my scene and put it in another movie. That still doesn't mean I'm degrading myself. People could call me a ho just walking down the street, even if I wasn't Nyomi Banxxx! It doesn't matter to me. I know who I am."

"How do you deal with the racism in porn?"

"I don't," she says. "I keep my rates where they are. One time, when I demanded the same rate the other girls were getting for the same movie, a producer told me, 'You're black. You can only go so far.' It was like *Roots*! He was the master telling me I should know my place. I told him, 'Narrow-minded people like you are what's wrong with society. You can't tell me what I can or can't do—because I'm a sexy woman, not because I'm black.'"

Back at the house, Nyomi fills a casserole pan for the family dinner. It looks tasty. Unfortunately, she plans to boot me out before her daughter and the man she calls her partner get home. Family time is sacred. Nyomi disappears upstairs, returning seconds later in a pair of short-shorts and a tight T-shirt. It's time for a classic: the carwash scene.

As Nyomi splashes suds on her SUV, I pick up the thread of our last conversation, asking what her mother thought when Nyomi started doing hard-core.

"My mom said, 'I always thought you would be in something to do with sex because you always dressed so skank!'" Nyomi squats to polish the rims. "Some decisions she doesn't understand, but she always says, 'That's between you and God.'"

"You believe in God?!"

"Yes. I was raised in church. I've always questioned the Bible, but I'm still very spiritual. God gives me signs. I say to him, 'I don't know why I'm on this path, but I will find the answer and know that I'm in the right place.' When I decided to come out here, I received a sign and packed up the car."

"God doesn't hate porn?" I wonder.

"God doesn't hate anything! He's love. Somebody once asked me what I'd do if I got to the Pearly Gates and couldn't get in. I said I'd be okay with that. I lived my life the way I believed, and evidently what I believed turned out to be wrong."

Nyomi impressively displays her dynamic sexual prowess in *Hitchhikers*.

PHOTO COURTESY WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS

Back inside, Nyomi strips off her wet clothes and gets into the shower. She leaves the door open. God bless her!

"Do you ever feel an emotional connection to your male performers?" I ask.

"No," she replies, soap bubbles sliding between her legs. "There are two types of sex: intimate sex with my partner and sex as a job. I don't do random cocks."

I'm sorry to hear that.

"Do I enjoy it physically?" she asks. "Sometimes it's pleasing, but when I leave the set, that's it. I'll high-five a guy after a great scene, and he'll start asking me out. I'm not interested in that. I was told the other day that I don't play the game. My response is: 'Why should there be a casting couch? You already know how I perform—that's why you came to me!'"

Nyomi steps out, grabs a towel and admires herself in the mirror. "It's no different in mainstream," she says. "I don't trust auditions anymore. I never know if they *(continued on page 124)*

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HEARTLAND HOTTIE

HAYDEN HAWKENS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

While new to the nude modeling scene, **Hayden Hawkens** isn't embarrassed to admit she's still getting the hang of things. "I enjoy my work, and the people are really nice," she says. "But sometimes I think it's a little weird that I make a living by taking my clothes off!"

Although now residing in Los Angeles, **Hayden** still feels a connection to the state she left behind. "I miss a lot of people from Kansas," she remarks. "It's such a different way of life, so slow and quiet. It's nice to go back home and get away from the hectic city sometimes."

A big football fan, **Hayden** has an undying allegiance to her favorite NFL team. "My whole family roots for the [Kansas City] Chiefs," the willowy blonde informs us. "I still try to watch their games when I can even though it seems like they always suck."

One thing **Hayden** doesn't miss about growing up in the heartland is the unpredictable weather. "I loved snow when I was a kid," she recalls. "But now it's just a pain in the ass. I can deal with a little bit of rain, but I'm done with snow and tornados. I guess I'll take my chances with earthquakes in California!"

HAYDEN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Lawrence, Kansas | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 120

For fun, **Hayden** enjoys hanging out with her gal pals. They frequently get together to watch a flick, drink margaritas and—occasionally—push the boundaries of companionship. "My friends are really hot," **Hayden** reveals. "So, yeah, sometimes we start out watching a movie and end up lezzing out on the couch!"

Hey, **Hayden**, don't forget to invite us to your next movie night!

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SURPRISE ME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN EMSLIE

DESTINY

Belying what her name might lead you to assume, **Destiny** doesn't think everything is mapped out for us. "I really don't believe in fate," the skeptical brunette reckons. "I don't think there's any one way our lives are supposed to turn out."

For **Destiny**, the fun is in the journey. "I actually love the fact that I have no clue what I'll be doing in five years," she explains. "I have a lot of interests, so modeling is only one part of my life."

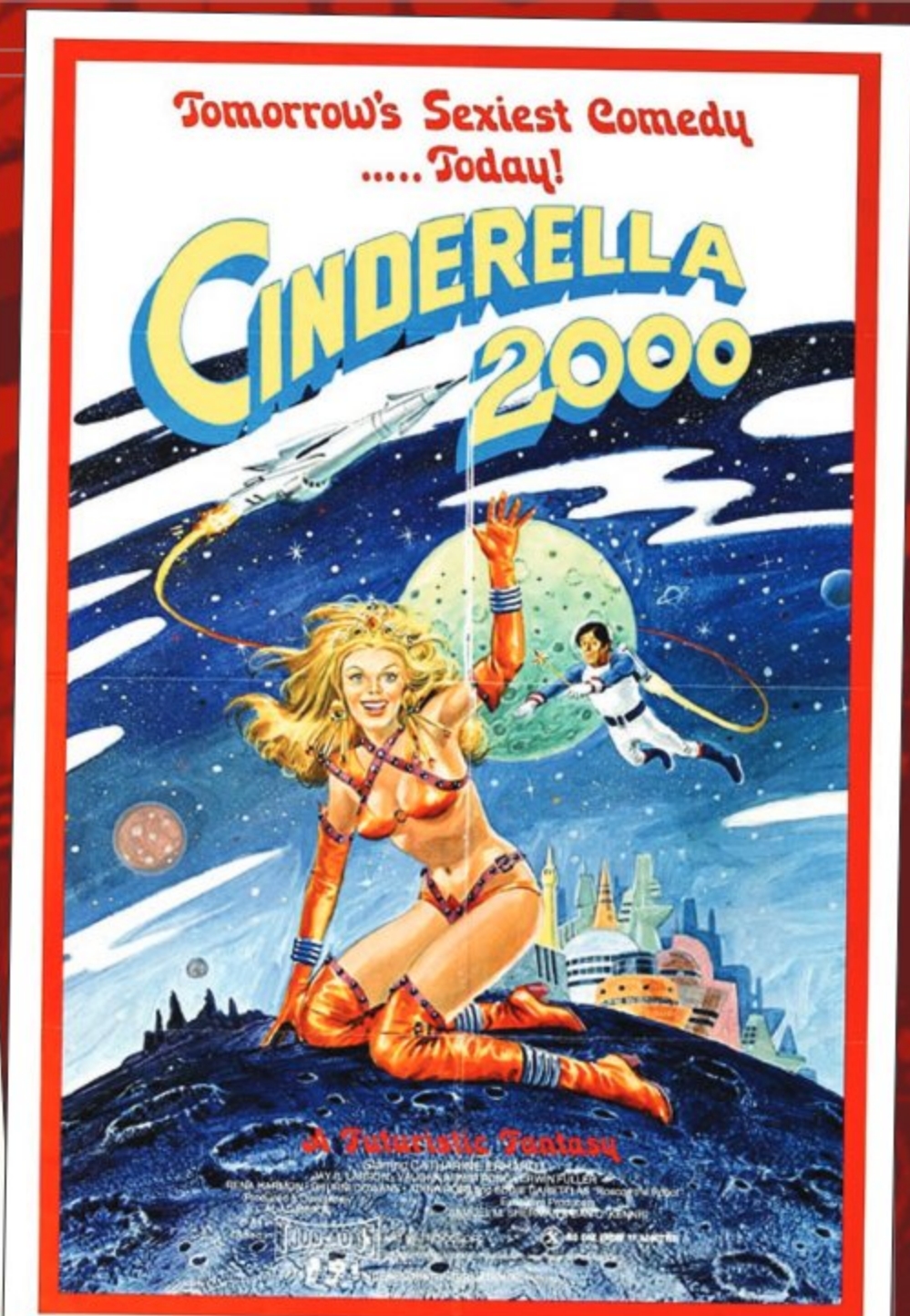
Among her other passions are soccer, music (mostly rap and alternative…no country tunes for this Southern belle) and cooking. "I'll try to make almost anything at least once," **Destiny** discloses. Giggling, she admits, "Sometimes my experiments turn into disasters. I almost burned my apartment down the first time I made falafel."

Although **Destiny** doesn't have a master plan, the pint-sized sweetie knows what she's looking for in a dude. "I like guys who are full of surprises," she declares. "I get bored with predictable people. I hate it when I meet someone I can figure out in the first ten seconds. I'm attracted to a sense of mystery."

DESTINY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Little Rock, Arkansas | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 117

BY JOSH HADLEY

WHEN ADULT CINEMA WAS ART



THERE'S PORN IN MY MOVIE. OR IS IT A MOVIE IN MY PORN?

EVER WATCH A XXX FLICK and suddenly realize—even before you nut—that the story and characters are actually more intriguing than the sucking and fucking? Don't get me wrong: Gonzo can be great. But there also exist adult films that, believe it or not, make you want the banging to hurry up and end, allowing you to discover—finally!—what happens to the story's engaging cast.

Back in the '70s and '80s, a handful of visionaries believed fuck films had the potential to frame an all-around damn good story. Legends, guys like Gerard Damiano (*Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*) and Anthony Spinelli (*The Dancers*), directed many titles that would have been superlative in the mainstream world had they simply dispensed with the encroaching licking and sticking. Auteur Stephen Sayadian a/k/a Rinse Dream (*Café Flesh*) has spent his entire career trying to prove that smut can be art.

What follows is a batch of engrossing, story-driven films. Most were originally released during porn's so-called Golden Age, before the VHS revolution, when the only place to see blue movies was at an adults-only theater.

Young bodies on the prowl...
BLUE SUMMER
...they pay by the mile!
ALLAN SHACKLETON presents a film by CHUCK VINCENT
Starring DARCEY HOLLINGSWORTH · BO WHITE
with JOANN STERLING · MELISSA EVERS · CHRIS JORDAN
Original Music by SLEEPY HOLLOW
Cinematography by STEPHEN COLWELL
A MONARCH RELEASE · IN COLOR
R

Note: Conspicuously omitted are the Johnny Wadd kung-fu titles, which boasted great detective stories. But lawdy, they were just way *too* cheesy and sleazy.

Blue Summer (1973), directed by Chuck Vincent, attempted to be more than just a loose collection of sex scenes. With one weekend remaining before they go off to college, two high school grads intend to make the most of it. Packing up their van, dubbed the "Meat Wagon," the dudes embark on a journey to find themselves. Along the way, they run into bikers, hitchhikers, hippies, rednecks and sluts—lots of sluts. They're part of the problem: Every ten minutes, the movie provides an extended sex scene, which brings the story to a dead stop for seven minutes or so.

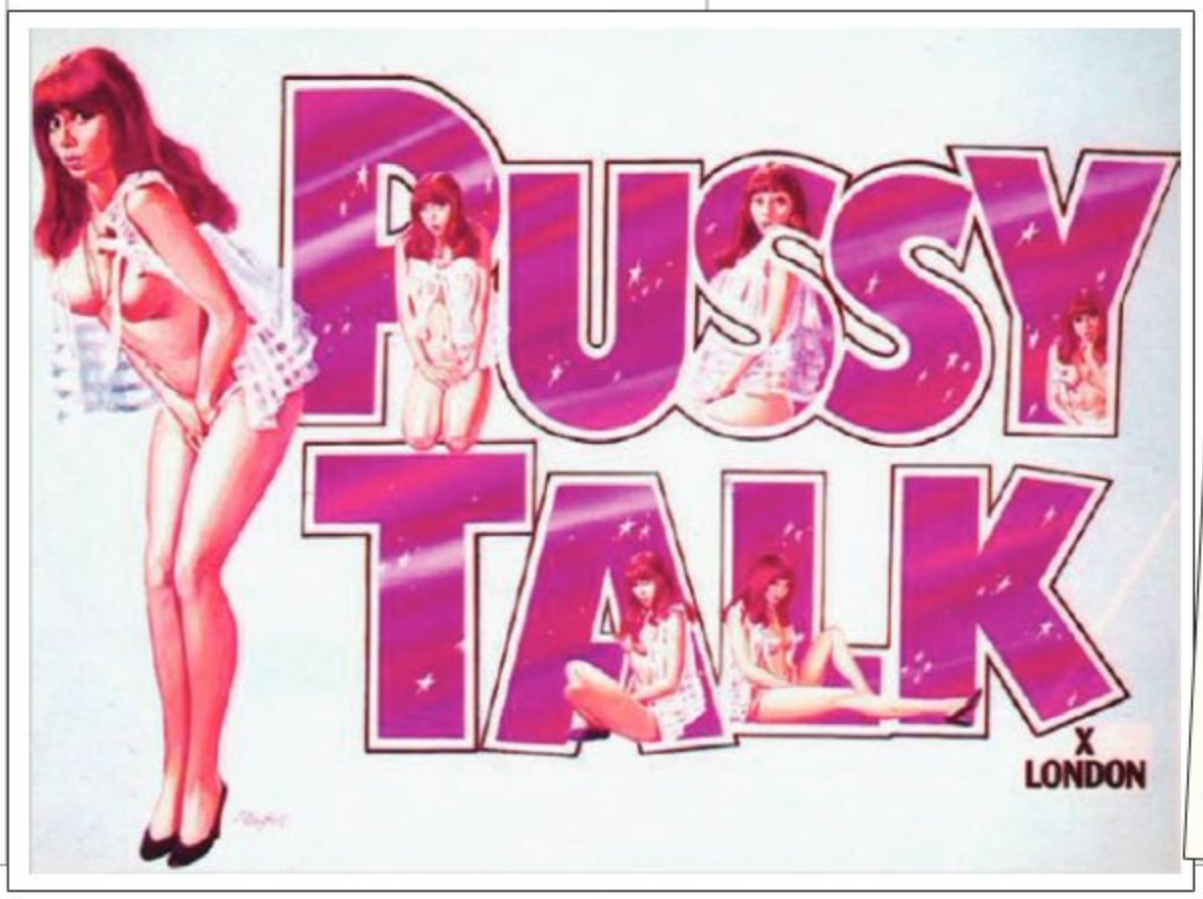
Pussy Talk (1975) is a French film directed by Claude Mulot. Its premise is both simple and original: Joëlle (played by the gorgeous Pénélope Lamour) wakes up one day to discover her pussy can talk. Yes, her vaginal lips actually move. There are even POV shots. Here's a sample of what it utters: "I want to fuck, FUCK!" the pussy tells Joëlle's startled husband. "Only this time, I want to get something out of it."

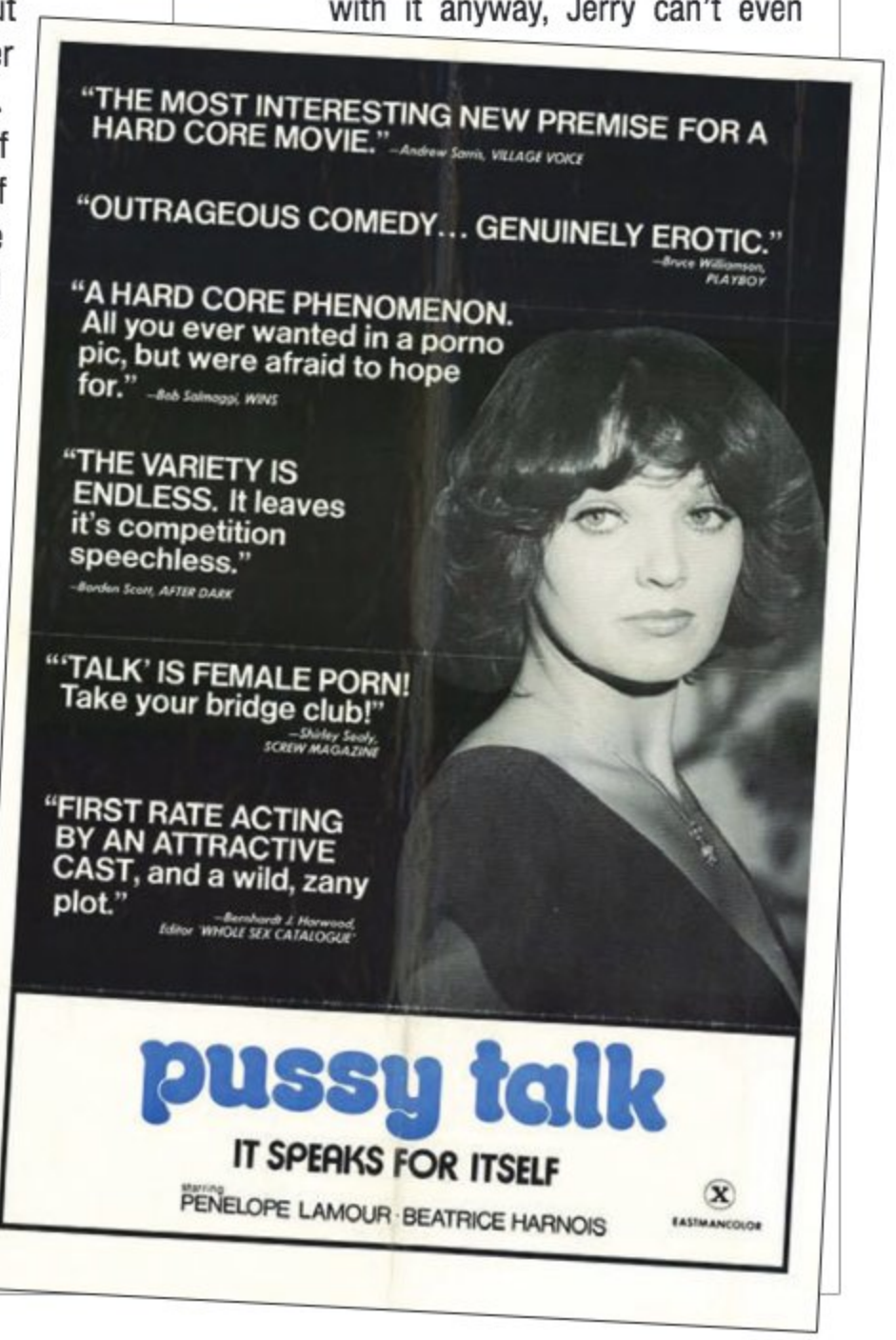
The public soon finds out about the verbal clam, which makes Joëlle famous. As she goes into hiding in her childhood home, we discover that her sexual history is fairly dark. After her mother killed her stepfather while he was molesting young Joëlle, our heroine became sexually repressed. This, by implication, is the cause of her vocal vulva. The problem is resolved when her hubby eventually fucks the pussy talk out of her—only to find that (spoiler alert) he now has a yapping cock.

Chatterbox (1977) rips off *Pussy Talk* thanks to the efforts of director Tom DeSimone and the folks at American International Pictures. Taking the part of the babe with the chatty tuna taco is Candice Rialson, who is equally as stunning as her French counterpart. Unfortunately, this softcore entry is just not funny. In part that's because the filmmakers assumed the premise alone would provide laughs. The notion of actually writing jokes apparently never occurred to them. If the plot had dealt with a loquacious pussy in a more realistic way, along with some sophisticated humor, *Chatterbox* might have surpassed its French predecessor.

SexWorld (1978), directed by Anthony Spinelli, is on its surface a ripoff of the 1973 film *Westworld*. But, in fact, it's quite a bit deeper and more emotional than you might expect. Various couples and singles spend a weekend at SexWorld, a high-end resort where every fantasy or desire will be fulfilled. Incest, homosexuality, threesomes, interracial and so on are there for the asking in a safe and secure environment. Sounds like a standard adult film, right? But it turns out that the sex workers are secretly robots. And acting out perverse fantasies can have real-world consequences.

The main couple, Joan (Leslie Bovee) and Jerry (Kent Hall), don't tell each other what they're getting at SexWorld. After Jerry enjoys a threeway, he attempts to guilt-trip his wife out of her fantasy (being with their female neighbor). When Joan goes through with it anyway, Jerry can't even




"THE MOST INTERESTING NEW PREMISE FOR A HARD CORE MOVIE." –Andrew Sarris, VILLAGE VOICE
"OUTRAGEOUS COMEDY... GENUINELY EROTIC." –Bruce Williamson, PLAYBOY
"A HARD CORE PHENOMENON. All you ever wanted in a porno pic, but were afraid to hope for." –Bob Salmaggi, WINS
"THE VARIETY IS ENDLESS. It leaves it's competition speechless." –Borden Scott, AFTER DARK
"'TALK' IS FEMALE PORN! Take your bridge club!" –Shirley Sealy, SCREW MAGAZINE
"FIRST RATE ACTING BY AN ATTRACTIVE CAST, and a wild, zany plot." –Bernhardt J. Horwood, Editor 'WHOLE SEX CATALOGUE'
pussy talk
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look at her. They leave the facility farther apart than when they arrived. "I don't know if we have a marriage left," Joan mutters to her husband.

Another couple finds that confronting their deepest desires has strengthened their marriage. Even a bigot has a change of heart after making love to a black girl.

The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue (1980), directed by Gerard Damiano, is a "sci-fi" movie that has surprisingly emotional content. In the future, every person has an assigned job: breeder, worker or satisfier (whore). Diana (Lysa Thatcher) is a satisfier who has the chance to assume the loftier role of hostess.

If Diana is promoted, she will have the right to choose her sex partner. That would be nice because she's in love with one of her clients. However, having emotions in this society is discouraged, and she's afraid to confront her feelings. We follow the battle within her as Diana comes to terms with herself and her fears. This emotional conflict is highlighted in the final sex scene, during which Diana's lover makes her say "I love you" as she comes. It's quite well done.

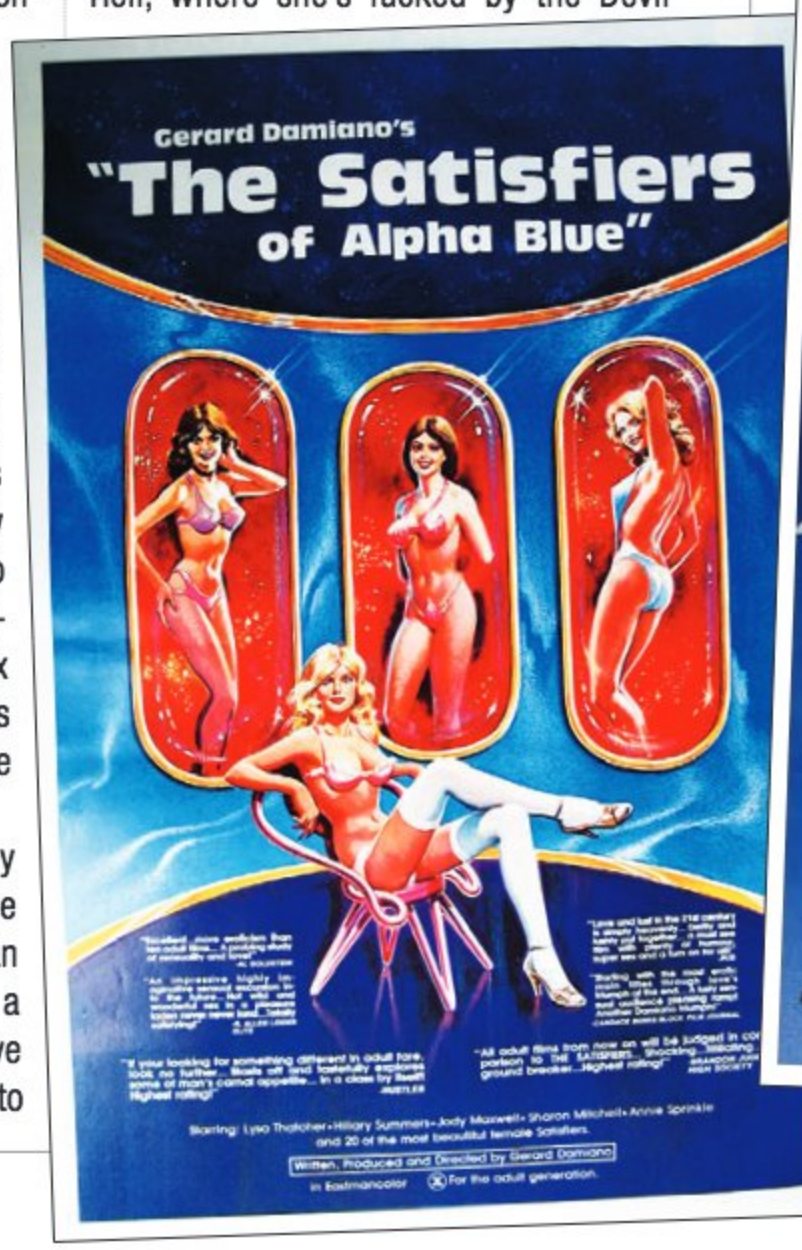
Night Dreams (1981), directed by Francis Delia and produced by Rinse Dream, stars Dorothy LeMay as Mrs. Van Houten, a nymphomaniac confined to a mental hospital because she can't achieve orgasm. The doctors use jolts of electricity to induce a dream state, resulting in various scenarios that get stranger and stranger. These are, without a doubt, the most bizarre hard-core scenes ever filmed: The patient gets screwed by a jack-in-the-box, has a threeway with twin cowgirls who speak in synch and blows a black guy wearing a Cream of Wheat box. Meanwhile, throughout the depravity, a man dressed as a slice of bread plays sax behind Mrs. Van Houten.

In another fantasy, the nympho is sent to Hell, where she's fucked by the Devil (Ken Starbuck) as he rants about TV preachers who get people to send them money. (He's pissed that no one forks over any to him.) The underlying themes of sexual repression and sexual fantasy are perfect for this wonderfully off-kilter film.

Café Flesh (1982), directed by Rinse Dream, is another somewhat pretentious art film that mixes sci-fi with porn. In a postapocalyptic world devastated by the "Nuclear Kiss," 99% of the survivors are sex negatives. Any carnal activity makes them sick. The other 1% who are sex positives are forced to perform for sex negatives at Café Flesh. Although Lana (played by future scream queen Michelle Bauer) seems to be a sex negative, we discover she is actually a sex positive struggling to keep her secret. The finale is both disturbing and engaging. The film also features a Rinse Dream trademark: hard-core scenes that are intentionally unerotic.

Sex Crimes 2084 (1985), directed by Chuck Vincent, stars Sheri St. Claire, Robert Bullock and Billy Dee. In the future, the constant pursuit of sex is mandated by law. Offenders who refuse to comply are more or less raped by the Sex Police. It's every citizen's duty to fuck for the cause.

However, three cops are sick of the passionless, unromantic sex they engage in on a daily basis. They yearn for the good old days when the pursuit of a person


Gerard Damiano's
"The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue"
Starring: Lysa Thatcher · Hillary Summers · Jody Maxwell · Sharon Mitchell · Annie Sprinkle
and 20 of the most beautiful female Satisfiers.
Written, Produced and Directed by Gerard Damiano
in Eastmancolor
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IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!
CHATTER-BOX
THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO HAS A HILARIOUS WAY OF EXPRESSING HERSELF. YOU'LL ROAR WHEN SHE SITS DOWN TO TALK!
SHE TALKS
WITH HER WHAT?
"CHATTERBOX" Starring CANDICE RIALSON · LARRY GELMAN · JANE KEAN
Guest Stars RIP TAYLOR · PROFESSOR IRWIN COREY · SANDRA GOULD

made the sex meaningful. So they travel back in time to 1984 to see what it was like.

What distinguishes this otherwise-goofy film is the underlying theme of sex being meaningless without emotional involvement. However, there is one disturbing segment: The female time-traveling sex cop consorts with a teenager who thinks she's his aunt. This could have been explored better had it not been a hard-core feature. Ditto the movie's sex-without-love aspect.

Cabaret Sin (1987), directed by Philip O'Toole, wraps *Blade Runner*, *1984* and *Star Wars* into a porn flick. Detective Taylor (Greg Derek) is tracking down a rogue android that stole a rare computer component from the Pleasure Dome bar. Along the way, he finds that his ex-wife, Nicola (Krista Lane), is working there for the crime lord Turk (Herschel Savage). Determined to win Nicola back (and defeat Turk), Taylor sets out on a series of adventures. Unfortunately, the story and sci-fi elements account for maybe 20% of the movie. The rest is just run-of-the-mill porn.

As *Cabaret Sin* draws to a close, Taylor—who's won Nicola back—is fucking her on a couch when storm troopers burst in. "TO BE CONTINUED" flashes on the screen, followed by "COMING SOON—BEYOND CABARET SIN." This sequel never got made. Or did it?

Droid (1988), directed by Philip O'Toole, uses footage originally shot for *Beyond Cabaret Sin* along with assorted *Cabaret Sin* footage to create this straight-to-video release. In essence, *Beyond Cabaret Sin* did get made, only under a different title. Softcore and character-driven, *Droid* is a far better film than its hard-core prequel.

Stolen Sex Tapes (2002), directed by Robert L. Farber, falls well outside this article's time frame but otherwise fits the bill: a compelling tale disrupted by explicit sex scenes. Wonderfully portrayed by Sydnee Steele, Kelsi Ballard is a local news anchor looking to move on to a better gig. In the meantime, she has a small kink: Kelsi likes to make videos of her sexual escapades. This becomes a problem when her lurid tapes are stolen. Now she's worried they could compromise her latest lover, who's running for public office, and also thwart Kelsi's attempt to sign a deal with a network. The acting is good, as are the story and direction. The pacing would be good too were it not for the intermittent sex.

Postscript: Some of these films are currently unavailable on DVD, but you can find all of them on VHS or Laserdisc.

Living near Green Bay, Wisconsin, Josh Hadley has hosted the online shows *What the F*#k???*, *Lost In the Static* and *Radiodrome* at **JackalopeRadio.com**. He also writes the **GeekJuiceMedia.com** column "Sanity Is Razor Thin."

"In a much more disturbing side of the news, Sarah Palin has threatened to have herself cloned!"

SO, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN I'M STILL YOUNG AND WANT TO FUCK, AND YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR VIAGRA TO WORK?
I'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN I GET TO IT.
WINNER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

FOR THE
GIRLS
KARLIE MONTANA

Karlie Montana has a range of interests—music, movies, fast cars—but there's one subject that consistently holds her attention. "I'm a complete vag-etarian," **Karlie** states. "I'm pretty obsessed with the female body; I think it's beautifully perfect. And I'm not just talking about models—I think every woman has an inherent beauty."

Karlie, who has appeared in dozens of adult films since launching her career in 2004, has stuck exclusively to the girl/girl genre. "I've always felt very comfortable working with other ladies," the sapphic sweetie remarks. "I think it's a great niche for me."

But don't worry, gentlemen—you're on her mind, too. "I love the idea of guys watching my movies," **Karlie** clarifies. "It totally turns me on. Sometimes when we're shooting, I'll start imagining a guy watching the scene I'm doing, and it always makes me come ten times harder."

In her downtime, the Arizona native enjoys checking out flicks that are a far cry from those she stars in. "I'm a huge fan of animated movies," **Karlie** explains. "I like the feeling of being transported to a totally different world; it's a cool escape. Sometimes it's nice to take a break from reality."

KARLIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Phoenix | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 119

For more Karlie Montana, check out *HUSTLER's Tiny Titties* and *Barely Legal: Princess Diaries #2*. Both are available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 or go to page 126 to order by mail.

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PEAK INSIDE

Hearing that Bill had broken both legs while skiing, his longtime pal Martin paid the poor guy a visit. "Anything I can do for you?" Martin asked his chum, who was watching a basketball game on TV.

"I'm hanging in there," Bill replied. "But do me a favor. Run upstairs and get my slippers. My feet are freezing."

So Martin went upstairs, where he spotted Bill's gorgeous twin daughters reclining on separate beds. Much to his delight, both 19-year-olds were naked, and neither bothered covering up.

Thinking quickly, Martin announced, "Your dad sent me up here to have sex with both of you."

Dubious, the hottie closest to the door huffed, "Prove it!"

"Both of them?" Martin shouted loud enough for Bill to hear downstairs.

"Yeah, both of them!" Bill yelled back. "What's the point of just fucking one?!"

Question: What happens when a whorehouse catches fire?

Answer: Some occupants come out running, and some run out coming!

Right after finishing supper, a retired wrestler got a call from a charity asking him to donate some of his old clothes to the starving people around the world. He told the caller, "I got news for ya, pal. Anybody who can fit into *my* clothes ain't starving."

Question: What's the difference between a cucumber and an alcoholic?

Answer: A cucumber gets pickled in a jar, not a bar.

While shooting the breeze with his dad, a whippersnapper wondered, "How long do congressmen serve in office?"

"Until the scoundrels get caught," his father replied.

Rocco told his mother that he was going to get married. "Just for fun," he went on to say, "I'm gonna bring a few women over tomorrow, and you can try to guess which one is going to be your daughter-in-law."

The next day, Rocco returned with three beautiful gals and sat them down on the couch to chat with his mom while he ran some errands. An hour later he came back and asked her to step into the kitchen. "Okay, Ma, guess which one I'm gonna marry."

Rocco's mother immediately replied, "The one sitting to my right."

"That's amazing, Ma!" Rocco yelped. "How did you know?"

"She's a fucking bitch, and I hate her."

Fed up with his dim-witted students, a college math teacher asked, "After 69, what comes next?"

No one had a clue except for the biggest slut on campus. After spitting out a wad of bubble gum, she stood up and gushed, "Duh? You wash your face and rinse out your mouth!"

Question: What did the blonde ask her doctor when he informed her she was pregnant?

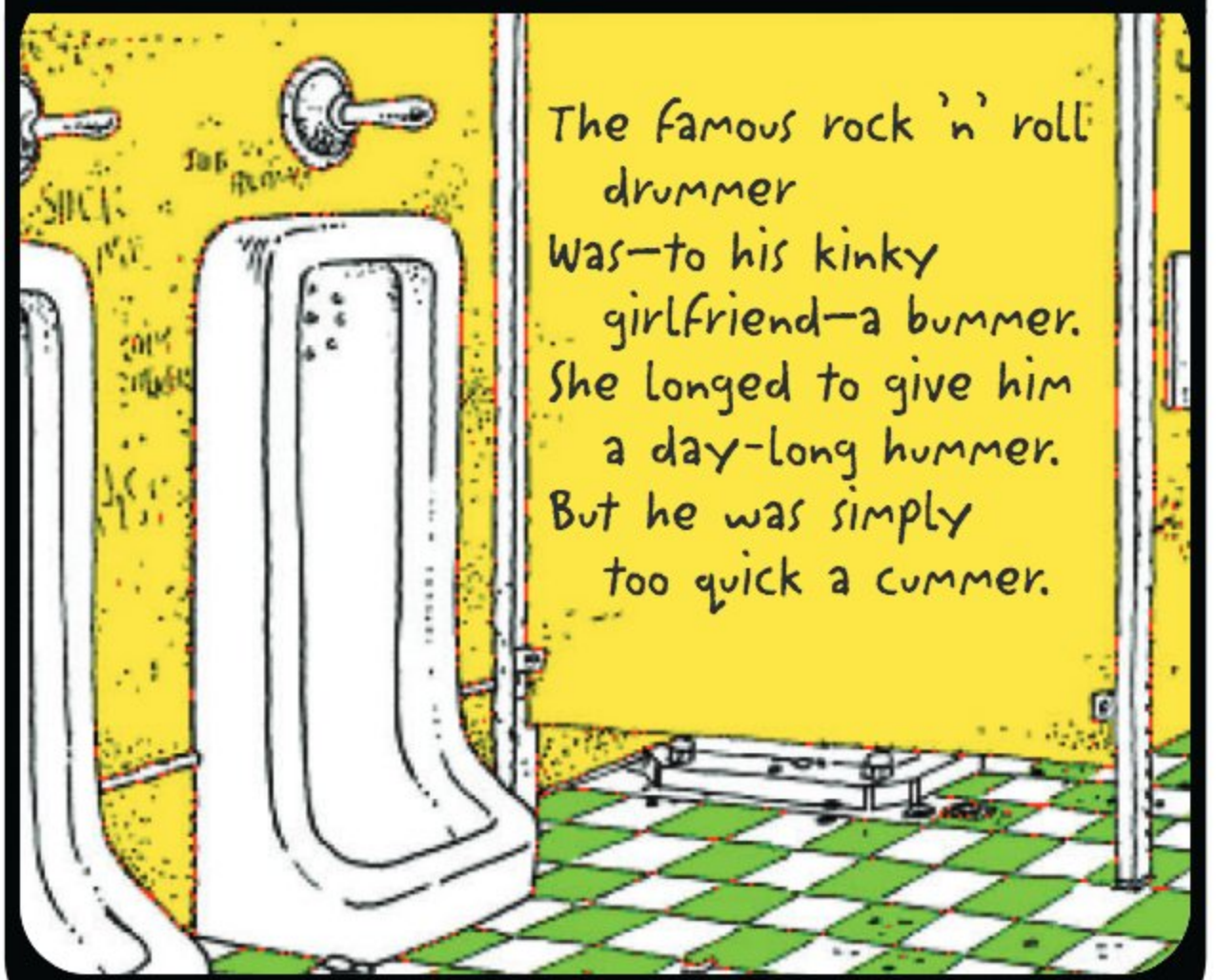
Answer: "Is it mine?"

Peter dialed 911 and told the woman who answered why he was calling: "I am reporting an emergency. I'm worried that my wife is dead."

Alarmed, the 911 operator asked the caller why he felt that his spouse might be deceased.

"Well, ma'am, the sex is the same," Peter explained, "but the laundry is building up."

GRAFFiLTHY


The famous rock 'n' roll drummer
Was—to his kinky girlfriend—a bummer.
She longed to give him a day-long hummer.
But he was simply too quick a cummer.

Thanks and $50 go to Beth S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT! ANYTHING YOU SAY CAN AND WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU!

YOUR TITS!

J. Billette

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

BUGGING OUT

TOMORROW'S DINNER IS CRAWLING TOWARD YOU

Bug Fair cuisine: Silkworms with fruit & veggies (top) and crispy Cajun crickets are among the etymological delights of chefs Zack Lemman and David George Gordon.

Let us bug you: Insect culinary experts Zack Lemman (left) and David George Gordon cook up a crunchy feast.

Bug bites: Fried silkworm larvae are a tasty treat in China.

PHOTO COURTESY STEVEN G. JOHNSON

PREPARE TO BE GROSSED OUT. While sleeping, the average American eats about 12 bugs a year. During waking hours, without knowing it—mixed in with our cereals, energy bars, peanut butter, fruits and vegetables—we ingest an additional one to two pounds of insects a year.

The good news is that virtually all these flies, crickets and ants we're accidentally swallowing are safe to consume. The bad news is that, well, oddly enough—apart from the "gross-out factor"—there isn't any bad news. Bugs are an excellent, inexpensive source of protein, high in B vitamins and minerals like iron and zinc, and low in fat. As the price of traditional foods rises, the world is going to be eating more of them—on purpose.

In the United States, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has established standards that allow a certain amount of bugs in food. According to official guidelines, it would be "economically impractical to grow, harvest or process raw products that are totally free of non-hazardous, naturally occurring, unavoidable defects." In other words, manufacturers would have to douse our groceries with such massive amounts of pesticides to kill these creepy crawlers (i.e., "unavoidable defects") that they would not only raise food prices precipitously but also—in the government's words—expose consumers "to potential hazards from residues of these chemicals."

Bugs are thought to be dirty disease carriers, but less than 0.5% of all known insect species are harmful. In fact, they have been part of humans' diet for centuries. Ants and larvae are eaten by African tribes, while fried locusts and beetles are enjoyed in Thailand. In developing Third World nations,

Six-legged lunch: A few crackly treats remain for the munching in a Bug Fair bento box, while an attendee savors a water bug-laced swamp s'more (inset); a basket of chapulines, roasted crickets, in a Mexican market (top right).

PHOTO COURTESY MEUTIA CHAERANI/INDRADI SOEMARDJAN

the consumption of insects as food (known as entomophagy) is being aggressively promoted as an alternative to chicken, beef and fish. Besides being equally healthy and nutritious, bugs are far less expensive and more ecologically friendly.

The official United Nations recommendation, drafted after a summit meeting of food experts in Thailand in 2008, is that the world needs to consume more insects for some very compelling reasons. As the planet's population grows, the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organization projects that meat and chicken production will double by 2050. Seeing how pastures and fodder already use up 70% of all farmland, increased livestock production would require a significant expansion of agricultural acreage—i.e., chopping down more trees. Deforestation would mean increased CO2 released into the atmosphere, trapping more heat—thereby increasing global warming—as well as exacerbating a plethora of already-existing environmental issues, most notably air pollution, water contamination and soil erosion.

Which brings us back to the approximately 1,000 highly edible insect species that the U.N. recommends we all start chowing down on. Insects aren't mammals, so the risk of catching mutated viruses is reduced. Bugs are also cheap to raise. Being cold-blooded, they need far less energy to sustain themselves. Ten pounds of feed yield just one pound of beef but six pounds of insect meat. Insects produce less waste; after processing, you have to dispose of 65% of cattle. By contrast, only 20% of a cricket is inedible. They also produce far less greenhouse gas emissions. Unlike cows, bugs don't belch or fart.

Edible insects also have the potential to provide income and jobs for people who capture, rear, process, transport and market the tiny creatures. In an era of high unemployment, this untapped economic resource is especially appealing.

So why aren't more people in this country putting aside their T-bones and tossing grasshoppers, beetles and dragonflies onto the grill? "Our taste buds have been conditioned for years by fat and sugar," explained Brent Karner, manager of the invertebrate live animal program at the Los Angeles County Natural History Museum. "Pop culture has also made people perceive bugs as both kitschy and creepy. People are phobic."

To help conquer this phobia, the museum hosts its annual Bug Fair. Attended by over 14,000 people, including myself, the two-day "insect extravaganza" features lots of experts from entomological societies; live and preserved specimens; organic substances such as honey, silk and wax; and even insect-inspired artwork and toys. The most popular attraction, however, is the Bug Chef Cook-off, where a variety of culinary virtuosos prepare *nouvelle insecte* cuisine.

Silkworms on endives, crispy Cajun crickets, niblets and cricklettes and chocolate chirp cookies (stuffed with baked crickets of course) were on the menu I saw prepared by renowned insect chef David George Gordon, author of *The Eat-a-Bug Cookbook*. He worked alongside Zack Lemann, a bug chef from the Audubon Insectarium in New Orleans, who served up dragonfly odonate hors d'oeuvres followed by sweet cicada shish kabobs and swamp s'mores with water bugs. The judges, all volunteers from the crowd, sampled every delicacy before they made their decision. (Lemann won the afternoon's competition. His water bug s'mores were to die for.)

"We want to inspire people," said Karner, *(continued on page 151)*

ALL PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN EXCEPT WHERE INDICATED

"DON'T BOGART THAT ROACH!" TAKES ON A WHOLE NEW MEANING.

BY MATT HOGE

MR. FISH

HOW TO WIN CONTEMPT AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

See Jane's Dick.

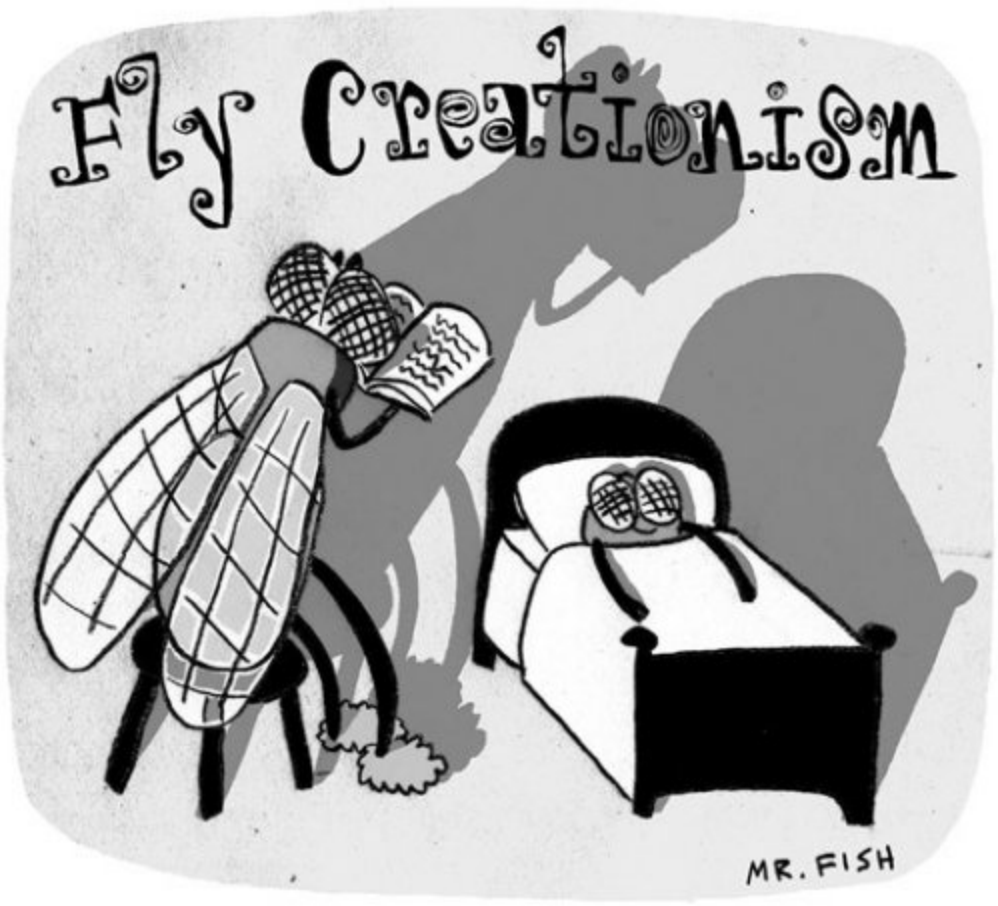
Using the pseudonym Mr. Fish, Dwayne Booth ruthlessly satirizes political and cultural figures, but don't label him an editorial cartoonist. He feels that editorial cartoonists are little more than "polite hecklers of despicable men." With his provocative pieces, Booth wants to do more than just heckle. He wants to grab the whole damn planet by the shoulders and give it a firm shake.

Despite the cynical worldview evident in his creations, Booth sincerely believes that art can bring about social change. The key is making people aware of what's really going on. "Without art to inform our understanding of history, we'd only have Walter Cronkite and Bishop [Fulton J.] Sheen to explain the 1960s," he notes.

For nearly two decades, Mr. Fish cartoons have been challenging the status quo. Booth's prolific efforts have appeared in publications like HUSTLER, *Vanity Fair* and *Mother Jones*. He's also a contributor to **TruthDig.com**.

Although he credits an influential high school teacher (Mr. Applebaum) for giving him an overview of art history, Booth learned how to draw on his own. "I had no art training beyond the shitty Elmer's Glue/Popsicle stick/papier-mâché/macaroni jewelry classes that everybody got in grammar school," he recalls.

NOTHING IS SACRED FOR ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL CARTOONISTS.



"In the beginning God made a whole lot of shit..."

Being self-taught allowed Booth to develop his own unique approach. Believing that most political cartoons are limited precisely because they offer only one meaning, he set out to create stylistically innovative pieces that allow for multiple interpretations. Surprisingly, Booth's primary influences aren't fellow cartoonists; he's been inspired by such diverse figures as philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, filmmaker Woody Allen and the Beatles' John Lennon.

A quick survey of Mr. Fish cartoons reveals Booth's healthy distrust of authority. The seeds were planted during his childhood. "Watching adults kneeling in churches and crying at Fourth of July parades," Booth recollects, "I decided that grown-ups were much more likely to acquiesce to nonsense logic than to challenge bullshit. I also had a stepfather who physically abused me when I was a kid, which was an early lesson in not trusting an authority figure to act in my best interest."

For Booth, nothing is too sacred to satirize. "Christians fighting with Muslims over divine providence is as meaningful as an argument over puce versus purple," the cartoonist asserts. Although his work betrays a liberal leaning, he isn't afraid to take shots at prominent Democrats. Barack Obama has been a frequent target, but Booth doesn't bear any personal grudge.

Booth, who currently resides near Philadelphia with his wife and two young daughters, has no trouble balancing his role as a family man with being a sharp, cynical critic of modern-day life. As the controversial cartoonist explains, "Part of wanting to save the world is creating something you can point to as proof that it *is* worth saving."

Pick up the book *Go Fish: How to Win Contempt and Influence People* (Akashic Books, 224 pages, $18.99). It can be purchased at **AkashicBooks.com**, as well as at other online retailers and brick-and-mortar bookstores nationwide.

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MICHELE BACHMANN ON GAY MARRIAGE

LET ME CLARIFY... I THINK THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH BEING GAY... AS LONG AS YOU MARRY AND FUCK PEOPLE OF THE OPPOSITE SEX!

PHOTOS BY DAVE KAPP

UFO'S PHIL MOGG
ROCK 'N' ROLL SURVIVOR

Since most bands don't last two albums, UFO is an enigma. The British group has been a fixture in hard rock and heavy metal for over 40 years! They have released a slew of albums and toured the world ten times over. With nearly three dozen former members, UFO has had various lineups, but one constant remains: Phil Mogg. The normally reclusive lead singer doesn't do interviews. However, upon hearing that HUSTLER wanted one, he made an exception, granting us his only interview during UFO's 2011-2012 U.S. tour. We caught up with the enduring frontman at a legendary rock 'n' roll hotel—Burbank, California's Safari Inn—to discuss what keeps him going and, of course, unabashed debauchery.

HUSTLER: How does it feel to be a living rock legend?

PHIL MOGG: The only thing that constitutes a legend is if you're still alive and have been around for so many years. (*Laughs.*)

Did you ever imagine when you started UFO in 1969 that you'd still be going at it more than four decades later?

No, not at all. We were a garage band playing in a house [in London] and longing to get a gig at the Fishmongers Arms Pub down the road. Or at the Manor House, where bands like Ten Years After and the Animals played. Then you went to The Marquee Club to see the Yardbirds. The Marquee was the big gig. If you got to play there, then *wow*! Which we eventually did. I always guessed we kinda got lucky. The band was pretty good, but there was quite a lot of luck involved too.

Was there any point in those years where you thought of giving up?

Not really, because you have time off or things would hit a rock-bottom point, and then you'd rally. You would hear something on the radio and remember what it was all about. The stuff that turns you on. You'd think, *That's good. I'll have a bit more of that.* And you kinda get sucked back into it. The draw is always there if you really enjoy your music.

Has UFO gotten the respect it deserves?

In certain quarters, but I don't think that has ever really bothered us. You know what I mean? That's never been a big deal. The audience is why we're actually here. We've had some great audiences on this tour. If they weren't there, we wouldn't be there.

UFO has had all sorts of lineups over the years. Do you have a favorite?

It's more of favorite *times*. Where we hit. When we signed to Chrysalis Records; they were a great label that would support the band. Michael [Schenker] came in, and we were ready to go. Did four albums. Did the live album *Strangers in the Night* [1979], which was tremendously successful.

Ironically enough, that was the most lucrative time for the band. Or it should have been, but we never actually saw any financial gain from it at all. Same old story. We were too busy being rock stars. We would go to a meeting to talk about money, and someone would say, "You fancy a drink?" Yeah, all right. "How 'bout a little…?" Sure. By the time you came out of the meeting, you're like, *Wheeeee! That was good. What was that meeting about?* After 40 years you think, *Hang on a minute!*

Are there any former bandmates you can't remember?

No. Most of 'em I do. We nicked Michael Schenker from Scorpions. Then we offered to give him back once we realized it was a shrewd German trick. (*Laughs.*) Those crafty

THE DIRTY
12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

NIKKI LANE
Walk of Shame
Nikki Lane is our kind of girl. Not content to live a simple Southern life, she dropped out of high school and headed for Hollywood's bright lights, but her musical talents took her to Nashville. Eight years after leaving home, Lane delivers a debut CD full of country-fried tunes about drinking and casual sex. As we said—she's our kind of girl.

FOREIGNER
Feels Like the First Time
Purists won't like this set of separate electric and acoustic discs plus a DVD. It features rerecorded versions of Foreigner's classic rock radio hits sans five of their original six members (including singer Lou Gramm). Only guitarist Mick Jones remains. But for newcomers or really hard-core fans, there is no denying the power of these songs, and the acoustic takes are really good.

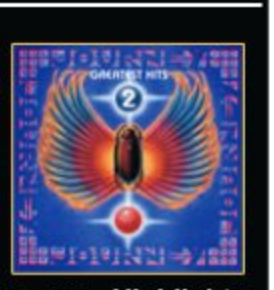
LOU REED & METALLICA
Lulu
The most unlikely pairing since Puff Daddy and Jimmy Page hooked up releases a loud, sludgy and challenging art-rock CD sure to piss off both Lou Reed and Metallica fans evenly. Open-minded music heads, however, will enjoy the experimental nature of this groundbreaking collaboration.

R.E.M.
Part Lies, Part Heart, Part Truth, Part Garbage 1982-2011
Who would have thought that, after 31 years, the little college rock band from Athens, Georgia, that rose to superstardom would break up? But R.E.M. is no more. This two-CD set is the first full career retrospective to pull material from both their early I.R.S. recordings and Warner Brothers period. Skip the last half of disc two and you have a true document of R.E.M.'s genius.

MISFITS
The Devil's Rain
Nobody does horror punk like the Misfits. Jerry Only and company (including Dez Cadena from Black Flag) release their first CD of original material in ten years. Of course, songs about gore and scary movie imagery abound—you know, the weird stuff that has made the Misfits famous.

ANVIL
Monument of Metal
The best of the best of the best is here from Anvil, the underrated lords of heavy metal. Tracks like "Metal on Metal" remind us why these Canadian rockers should have been as huge as Poison and Mötley Crüe. Or at least Winger.

DOZEN



JOURNEY
Greatest Hits Volume 2
More of a "best tracks" than a "greatest hits" collection (no real chart-toppers here), this solid CD captures the band at the height of their powers during the Steve Perry era. Highlights include the stadium rockers "Stone in Love," "Suzanne" and "The Party's Over (Hopelessly in Love)."

TERRI LYNE CARRINGTON
The Mosaic Project
Jazz drummer and producer extraordinaire Terri Lyne Carrington gathers up her funky female friends—including Sheila E. and Esperanza Spalding—for a superior slice of jazz-funk heaven. The smooth R&B grooves are so nice, you'll listen twice. Actually more than that.

JUSTICE
Audio, Video, Disco
Four years is a long-ass time between studio albums, but hey, if it took that long for these electro-dance rockers to emerge from their creative basement with another dose of brilliance, then so be it. Whereas Justice's debut CD changed the game, this disc flips it on its funky ass.

NOT TONIGHT JOSEPHINE
All on the Horizon
Pure power emanates from Not Tonight Josephine's urgent new disc. Even when covering the pop pabulum "All That She Wants" (originally recorded by Ace of Base), this Florida quintet is serious as a heart attack and ready for stadium stardom.

EVANESCENCE
Evanescence
Amy Lee, the high priestess of goth, and her band of hairy men return with a hard-driving, angst-riddled and (in some places) brilliant new CD. Lee sings her ass off on tracks like "What You Want" and "Oceans," helping to make this CD Evanescence's most fully realized effort to date.

STING
25 Years
Strip away all the pretentiousness (seriously, no one wants to know about your marathon tantric sex sessions), and Sting is an amazing songwriter. This expansive three-CD set looks at his solo career after the Police. It features 45 remastered tracks from the ever-evolving musician, including "If You Love Somebody Set Them Free," "Fortress Around Your Heart," "Brand New Day," "Desert Rose" and "If I Ever Lose My Faith in You." As a bonus, there's also a Sting concert DVD.

Germans. Most of 'em were all right. We had Bernie [Marsden] just before he went on to Whitesnake. He was funny. Then we had a dull period, and then we got together with your guy Vinnie Moore from Delaware. Andy Parker, the original drummer, returned. Paul [Raymond] is still with us [and has been] since our *Lights Out* album [1977]. And Pete Way kinda; I don't know. He's on that mysterious planet feeling strange and unusual. We said it's the band or the bottle. He's kinda on a hiatus.

Is there a chance Way will return?

He's never been really out. I've known Pete since we started playing, and you kinda hope. But you can only go so far.

Do you have a favorite UFO album?

I love *Obsession* [1978] and *Lights Out* mainly because we got the proper producers and studios. But *Strangers* [*in the Night*], we didn't want to do. We thought doing a live album would show off too many flaws, but that was our real pinnacle of success. The bulk of material we still play onstage today is from that album. It's our [Pink Floyd's] *Dark Side of the Moon.*

How's your voice these days?

It was a little bit tricky a few days ago. Someone gave us a cold on the bus. You get one bloke with a cold, you all catch it. Fortunately it's buggered off.

Do you have a regimen?

Well, you're not drinking. You're not smoking. Sucking on lozenges. Staying in your room drinking tea. As a last resort, if it's really screwing you up, you have a couple of steroids or something. Whatever it takes. The last resort is that I can't do it, and that's not really an option.

If UFO had not made it, what would you have done for a living?

I thought about bank robbery, but if you get caught, it carries quite a heavy sentence. If you watch the FBI files, bank robbers never know when to stop. I think you should do a few good jobs and then disappear. I'm talking about harmless bank robberies with a paper gun. Nothing serious. I have no idea what I would have done. Perhaps be a landscape gardener.

What band other than UFO would you have wanted to be part of?

Well, they all had great singers, so I couldn't get in. With Steve Marriott, Humble Pie for me was one of the all-time great rock bands. Then we had Free with Paul Rodgers and Rod Stewart with the Faces. The original Free was a great band. No real place for me there. Go off and form your own band. That was it.

Are there any plans for a new studio album?

I'm doing the vocals when we get back to England after this tour. Everything else is done. There's a working title. I want to call it *Last of the Bone Riders*. But the American—no offense—Vinnie said, "Bone rider means bone." I said, "No, it doesn't. It could mean skeleton." I quite fancy *Last of the Bone Riders*, but we'll see.

Do you have any tales of rock 'n' roll debauchery?

Coming here [in the 1970s] as reasonably innocent blokes, we were open to persuading. Staying at that hotel [the Hyatt in West Hollywood], the "Riot House," we went down into the coffee shop and saw all the girls there. We didn't know they were groupies until they came a-knocking on our doors. It was the general mayhem that most bands get up to before you get to the point of waking up in bed, and your arm goes out and hits something. You look and see what a disaster you brought back to bed.

You suddenly go, "I don't think this is working quite as planned." It was what you could imagine and beyond that. All kinds of things. One of our guitarists was using a glass Coke bottle on a gal who was having her period at the time. He came in the room and said, "Phil, have a look at this!" He had a bottle full of blood. I said, "You're sick, mate. Get that shit out of here!"

Then another guy in the band had gonorrhea, which was quite fashionable those days. He said, "Oy, Phil, my dick hurts something horrible. It burns. Have a look at this." He pulled down his trousers, and his dick was dripping green puss and literally stuck to his leg. Thankfully he got a shot and was on his way.

You know the movie *Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story*? There's a scene where the girl is on top of him saying, "Is it doing it for you, Dewey?" And he picks up the phone. I saw that way back. I walk past this room, and the door is open. On top of the road cases is Michael [Schenker], and he's a got a girl on top of him. He has a cigarette and a pint of beer, and he's listening to a tape of the gig we just played. Then he says, "I think there should be more echo." ■

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

THREE 6 MAFIA
PIMPIN' MADE EASY

Formed in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1991, Three 6 Mafia is Southern rap royalty. The group has toured the world, sold 40 million records, starred on reality TV (even regular programming) and done something no other hip-hop group had done before—perform during an Academy Awards ceremony *and* take home an Oscar! Yup, on March 5, 2006, Three 6 Mafia's "Hard Out Here for a Pimp" (from the *Hustle & Flow* soundtrack) grabbed Best Original Song honors. Take that, Vanilla Ice! Through it all, DJ Paul and Juicy J—the heart of the group—have stayed true to their hip-hip roots. The duo stopped by HUSTLER to discuss winning that Oscar, their dope new disc *Laws of Power* and encountering carloads of groupies.

HUSTLER: Is it still hard out here for a pimp?

DJ Paul: Always hard out here for a pimp, man.

Juicy J: Hard work pays off.

Did it get a little easier after you won an Academy Award?

DJ Paul: It got a little easier. Bank accounts went up.

Juicy J: Still gotta work. You know what I'm sayin'? Still all about ridin' and workin' it. Stayin' relevant.

DJ Paul: Still gotta hustle.

When you were sitting in the audience at the 2006 Oscars, and you heard your name announced as winners in the Best Original Song category, what was the first thing that went through your minds?

DJ Paul: I thought, *Jesus, Mary and Joseph!*

Juicy J: It was unreal.

How long did it take to sink in that it wasn't a dream?

DJ Paul: Still ain't sunk in.

Did the quality of women go up once you'd won an Oscar?

DJ Paul: It went up a little bit—a notch or two.

Juicy J: Yup!

Where do you keep the statue?

Juicy J: In a safe place.

DJ Paul: We each got one. Three in total. So they're all in different places. [*Editor's Note: DJ Paul, Juicy J and Cedric Coleman a/k/a Frayser Boy cowrote "Hard Out Here for a Pimp."*]

At that point in time, Three 6 Mafia was a trio. What happened to Crunchy Black?

DJ Paul: He just wanted to do his own thing. We wish him luck.

Is it easier now working as a duo?

DJ Paul: We were always the leaders of the group. We put it all together.

Juicy J: We did all the music.

DJ Paul: So it's cool. We're here.

You just put out two mixtapes. What's the difference between them?

DJ Paul: J's [*Rubber Band Business 2* on **Live Mixtapes.com**] is produced by him and a guy named Lex Luger. Mine [*Pray for Forgiveness* on iTunes] is produced by me and a guy named Little Otis. The producers got their own different styles. Other than subject and titles, they're pretty much the same. That's what's goin' down.

Did you guys team up on any of the tracks?

Juicy J: He's on one of my cuts.

DJ Paul: We did one of each.

Is this an Outkast situation? Why not do a Three 6 Mafia mixtape?

DJ Paul: We didn't want to do a Three 6 Mafia mixtape. We save Three 6 Mafia for an album. Like Don King said, "Don't give away for free what you can get paid for."

Juicy J: So the mixtape is just to warm the streets up, and then we hit 'em with an album.

Have you started working on one yet?

DJ Paul: It's already done.

Juicy J: We already got it. It should be out soon.

DJ Paul: It's called *Laws of Power*.

We know you must have some good Backstage Betty stories.

DJ Paul: One day, we was on our tour bus, and three carloads of girls rolled up, standin' out the windows and showin' their breasts. That was pretty cool. I liked that.

Did you pull over?

DJ Paul: No! No! No! We didn't because behind those girls was about three cars full of dudes. (*Laughs.*) It was cool though. We took pictures of it.

What's the deal with the VH1 reality show?

DJ Paul: It's called *Famous Food* and is about us and five other celebrities comin' together to open up a restaurant on [L.A.'s] Sunset Boulevard.

Did you know anything about cooking and restaurant operations before launching the show?

DJ Paul: We from Memphis, Tennessee, man—home of the barbecue. We love to cook. You know what I'm sayin'? We were always into that, which is how we got the show. We helped them come up with the concept. We pitched them a pilot we did called *Cooking Ain't Easy*. VH1 thought that really wasn't for their format, but they still wanted to do something with us in a restaurant. That's how we created the *Famous Food* show.

Since you guys love cooking so much, and it's lunchtime, did you bring any food?

Juicy J: I got a Subway sandwich.

DJ Paul: I didn't bring no food, but I brought some edibles if you want some. You wanna get high? You want some edibles?

Not this early in the day.

DJ Paul: Shit! Fuck that!

How real was your reality show?

DJ Paul: It was all-the-way real. We wouldn't even do a scripted reality show because that wouldn't be a reality show.

Juicy J: That would be a movie.

DJ Paul: That would be a movie or a sitcom, and that's a whole different chick, a whole different ballpark.

DJ, you kinda got into it with former call girl Ashley Dupré of Eliot Spitzer fame. What was it like interacting with the other celebs?

DJ Paul: It was cool. Different. You know what I'm sayin'? I had to cuss a motherfucker out here, but it was cool.

What's the best part of being Three 6 Mafia in 2012?

Juicy J: The fact that we still around.

DJ Paul: Twenty years. Still here. Lotta money. Over 40 million records sold. Awards. American Music Award. Oscar. Lotta stuff.

Hip-hop is all about street cred. Did winning an Academy Award and mainstream acceptance threaten *your* cred?

Juicy J: No. People tryin' to win stuff these days, man.

DJ Paul: You gotta win. Always remember if you're not first, then you're last.

Are there any recording artists you'd like to collaborate with?

Juicy J: I like Adele. I like her voice.

DJ Paul: I like David Lee Roth. I'd like to do something with him. He's a rocker. I'd like to do a chick with David Lee Roth. Seriously. I'd like to get a chick full of cocaine and do her with David Lee Roth. I'd record that shit. It would sound like "Jump" on steroids. I'm jokin'.

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

It's spring—when a young man's fancy turns to sitting on his couch and watching other people's lives.

WEEDS: SEASON 7

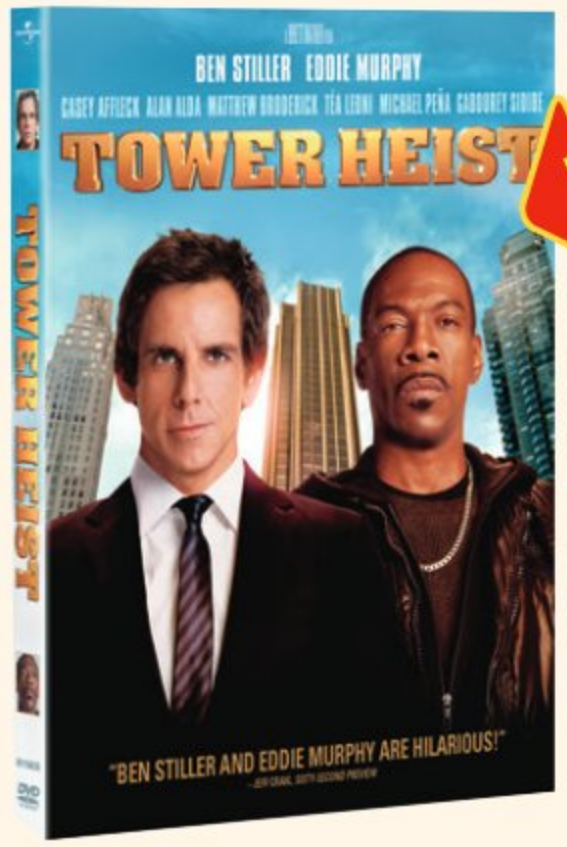
This round of Showtime's dark comedy hit features Nancy Botwin's return to society after serving three years in the clink. Portrayed by Mary-Louise Parker, Botwin has moved to New York City, where she quickly jumps back into the marijuana trade. But when the onetime suburban soccer mom is reunited with her family of felons, a heap of chaos envelops her. In addition to all 13 episodes of the critically acclaimed series' seventh season, the latest *Weeds* DVD includes cast and crew commentaries, a gag reel, deleted scenes and other bonus features.

IN TIME

This cutting-edge thriller depicts a futuristic world where, because people stop aging when they reach 25, time has become the ultimate currency. To survive, the average person works to literally buy time to extend his or her life—while the rich have achieved immortality. But when a young man (Justin Timberlake) is falsely accused of murder, he becomes a fugitive determined to bring down the entire system by any means possible—even if it means ending his own life. Also starring Amanda Seyfried and Cillian Murphy, this film puts an innovative spin on class warfare.

PARANORMAL ACTIVITY 3

If you're looking for a scare, the third installment of this popular documentary-style horror franchise will make you jump out of your seat. Depicting the terrifying events that led up to the earlier films, *Paranormal Activity 3* is supposedly footage from a string of video cameras set up in a house in 1988. What's in store for viewers are spine-tingling moments from the inhabitants' tense and dramatic encounters with supernatural entities. This flick is jam-packed with jolts, thrills and surprises. Don't watch it alone.



WIN THIS

TOWER HEIST

Eddie Murphy and Ben Stiller lead an all-star cast in this action-comedy that pits a staff of blue-collar workers against superwealthy Wall Street swindler Arthur Shaw (Alan Alda). After being defrauded of their pensions in a massive Ponzi scheme, the employees hatch a plan to reclaim their money and put fraudster Shaw behind bars. The thoroughly entertaining *Tower Heist* depicts the ragtag team's struggle to break into his high-rise apartment and carry out a grandiose plan that will stick it to the conniving white-collar criminal.

WIN A *TOWER HEIST* DVD!

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BODY OF WORK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

KRISSY LYNN & ANTHONY

Art major Candy (Krissy Lynn) had lost her muse. Unable to find inspiration, the sexy New Yorker decided it was time to seek out her mentor. Candy took the subway to visit the legendary performance artist Jackson Potluck (Anthony Rosano).

Potluck was delighted to see his protégée. Almost immediately, the pompous fellow launched into a description of his latest project. "It's all about discovering truth," Potluck told his young charge. "This piece will explore truth and beauty while confronting man's animal nature at the same time. It's about time, death and robots. It's about everything, making it my most important piece."

"How long have you been working on it?" Candy asked.

"It just occurred to me," Potluck replied. "The first phase of the piece involves the two of us fucking with wild abandon for three days straight."

Candy, who had long lusted for Potluck, happily consented. However, when the nymphet wobbled out of the performance artist's apartment three days later, she still hadn't found her muse. But Candy did manage to pilfer a bottle of absinthe and a fistful of peyote from Potluck's stash. Inspiration was on the way.

Need another dose of Krissy Lynn? Check out *This Ain't Ghost Hunters XXX* and *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Paris* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 or go to page 126 to order by mail.

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Alexis Ford, Brooke Lee Adams and Teagan Presley (with Tori Black, bottom) get a rude **Awakening**.*

Killer Bodies: The Awakening

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: DAVID LORD. STARRING: TORI BLACK, ALEXIS FORD, TEAGAN PRESLEY, BREE OLSON, JESSICA JAYMES, RAYLENE, BROOKE LEE ADAMS, BARRETT BLADE, RANDY SPEARS, SETH GAMBLE, ERIC MASTERSON, CHRIS JOHNSON, DERRICK PIERCE & SASCHA.

Spoiled trophy wife Tori Black gets kidnapped and has her spirit broken in a basement prison by a bunch of sickos. Is this a documentary about the porn industry? No, it's an interactive smut thriller about a cult of brainwashing thugs who've obviously watched *A Clockwork Orange* too many times. Trotting out everything from electroshock torture to simulated snuff, this cold-hearted flick is often more creepy than arousing—unless you're into that kind of thing. Thanks to her ordeal, Tori turns into some sort of mind-controlled sex assassin who fucks her abuser. This is basically the twisted, phony fantasy at the heart of the porn biz: abuse is the path to female empowerment. Yep, psychos can rationalize anything. But can you stroke to it? In its better moments, *Killer Bodies* has a certain S&M charm, even if its fuck scenes could have been more inventive to measure up to the rest of the movie's high ambitions. As for the interactive thing, don't let it scare you. It just means you can choose which cumsucker you want to watch, which is kind of what you do with every porn movie anyway. If this disc is *The Awakening*, looks like the rest of the day is going to be a bitch.

—M.J.

***Chopper** babes Vanessa Veracruz, Dani Jensen and Helly Mae Hellfire (bottom) feel the horsepower.*

This Ain't American Chopper XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: EVAN STONE. STARRING: HELLY MAE HELLFIRE, VANESSA VERACRUZ, DANI JENSEN, JENNA PRESLEY, EVAN STONE, BILLY GLIDE & LEE STONE.

TV's reality hit *American Chopper* is a sausage fest, but don't worry, we fixed that. This parody replaces Paul Sr.'s gearheads with four chicks that are geared up to give head! The first rule of making a porn parody is get Evan Stone. The comedy stud not only glued on a bad mustache to play Senior, he directed the movie, too, so it's closer to funny than most of these knockoffs. More importantly, it's built to please. In a two-stroke starter, Vanessa Veracruz and Dani Jensen heat up some leather by eating each other out on a boss hog. Meanwhile, custom-built Helly Mae Hellfire as Paulie does a nice job of sucking the chrome off whatever she finds. Seriously, the bitch takes a pushrod on a bike like she was born with a knucklehead under her ass. Don't expect anything to get built, by the way. These girls are good with tools, just not the bolt-turning kind. Halfway through, the flick turns into a lame Jay Leno spoof for some regrettable reason, but Jenna Presley's custom-built rack will keep your crotch-rocket humming. Order it now on page 126. ***—M.J.***

Kiera King, Roxanne Hall and Skin Diamond (bottom) vie for head ***Nurse.***

This Ain't Nurse Jackie XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** STUART CANTERBURY. **STARRING:** LILY LABEAU, SKIN DIAMOND, ROXANNE HALL, KIERA KING, BRITNEY AMBER, LEE STONE, OTTO BAUER, KRIS SLATER & ERIC MASTERSON.

If you're as sick of porn parodies as any reasonable person would be by now, this movie won't cure you. If you wish Edie Falco would stop trying to win another Emmy and finally use her talents to turn into a horny Lily LaBeau (now *that* would be acting!), this flick will make you mellower than a pile of Percocet. Caramel cutie Skin Diamond as Jackie's ball-busting boss warms up the cold hospital walls nicely with a deluxe dildo probe, courtesy of HUSTLER Toys. That's some prime product placement! Roxanne Hall completes her shift next with a predictable but well-executed treatment for blue balls. Kiera King and chesty fuckdoll Britney Amber will speed up your recovery time and keep you primed for Lily LaBeau's nympho relapse. Let's be honest, if there's any profession that should embrace sex addiction, it's nursing. You'll be paying for that hospital stay for the rest of your life, you may as well get the most out of it! This disc should be in every hopspital gift shop, but since you may have trouble finding it there, order it now on page 126. And for more *Nurse Jackie* shots—including star Lily LaBeau—flip to page 109. ***—M.J.***

Bridesmaids *revisited: Sarah Vandella, April O'Neil (with Kagney Linn Karter) and Lexi Swallow (bottom) raid the buffet.*

Bridesmaids XXX Porn Parody

SMASH PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: SASHA KNOX, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, APRIL O'NEIL, LEXI SWALLOW, SARAH VANDELLA, KATIE ST. IVES, BILL BAILEY, JACK LAWRENCE, ERIC SWISS & ANTHONY ROSANO.

Trying to pull off a parody of something that's already a comedy—especially one as funny as *Bridesmaids*—seems like a ridiculous idea. But if there's one thing the jizz biz has no use for, it's common sense. As for parasitically profiting off of someone else's creativity, that's the lifeblood! Thanks to a seriously plowable cast and the unhinged style of director Jim Powers—famous for crazy shit like *Girlvert* and *Tough Love*—this spoof gets our coveted could-be-a-lot-worse prize. Lead girl Lexi Swallow's no Kristen Wiig in the laughs department, but she brings a more bulbous rack to the role. As for the rest of the buffet, it's well stocked with amusing stroke fodder like horny butch girl Sasha Knox and bombshell Kagney Linn Karter. Ball-sucking beauty Kagney is as bangable as they come, even when she's puking into a toilet. Strangely, the shit-and-vomit scene isn't even as messy as it is in the original movie. What happened, Jim? Obscenity police said no? Anyway, if you want to skip the unfunny stuff and just binge on flesh for an hour and a half, mercifully, there's a wall-to-wall sex option—perfect for your buddy's bachelor party. ***—M.J.***

*Madison Parker, Kenzie Marie (with Jenna Haze) and Kianna Dior (bottom) do the **Jailhouse** cock.*

Jailhouse Heat 3D

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** JAKE WESTWOOD. **STARRING:** JENNA HAZE, JAYDEN JAYMES, SIENNA WEST, KIANNA DIOR, MADISON PARKER, ALYSSA REECE, LONDON KEYES, KENZIE MARIE, NICK MANNING, MARCO BANDERAS, ANTHONY ROSANO, MANUEL FERRARA, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN.

This movie is basically a collection of random fuck scenes strung together with a ridiculous story about some lowlife who wants to make a porn flick. In other words, if you were expecting the women-in-prison scorcher suggested by the box cover, forget it. (It's also supposed to be 3D, but the copy we got didn't come with the hundreds of dollars worth of equipment necessary for the effect, so good luck with that.) As for the talent, we will watch most of these chicks get boned anywhere, anytime—even if they're not jailbirds. Jenna Haze and Sienna West in particular could start a prison riot without dropping the soap. We'll also give credit to the actors for putting some fun and energy into their performances—and to the director for not making us watch the fat dude fuck anybody. On that note, this flick's portrayal of the porn biz isn't far off. There are always plenty of sleazeballs—fat and otherwise—hanging around, thinking the talent can't wait to blow them for free. If this flick lands in your lap for some reason and you haven't seen a naked chick in a while, watch it. Just make sure you lower those usually high expectations first. In other words, get really wasted. That's nature's 3D!

—M.J.

Bobbi Starr, Jynx Maze and London Keyes (bottom) are ***Pretty*** *fucked.*

Pretty Ass Fuck

THE ASS FACTORY/JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: LEILANI LEEANNE, LONDON KEYES, JYNX MAZE, BOBBI STARR, ERIK EVERHARD, MARK ASHLEY & MR. PETE.

This pleasant little piece of shit-pipe cinema gives us a perfect excuse to continue our intellectual inquiry into the pertinent question: Why do we want to fuck women in the ass? Well, if a lady has a booty like bronze Blasian lovely Leilani Leeanne, obviously you want to own that shit balls-deep. That answer may be a little too highbrow, of course. So consider, if you will, the apple-bottom backside of fuck-doll Jynx Maze. That cum funnel of hers is probably as tight as they make 'em, but her scat chute has got to be even tighter. The Tight Argument, as it's known, is compelling, but paired with the Loud Factor, it's damn near irrefutable. A wrong-hole reaming will turn even a quiet type like Asian feline London Keyes into a squealing banshee. At this point in the picture, your powers of thought may be weakening somewhat, but stay alert enough to gaze upon the gape of double-penetration doyenne Bobbi Starr. We can't help but suspect that there, deep in that mysterious black hole, lie hidden the ever-elusive answers we seek. That, dear friends, is why we butt-fuck. ***—M.J.***

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THIS AIN'T NURSE JACKIE XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Nurse Jackie, Showtime's popular series about a pill-popping caregiver living on the edge, stars Edie Falco. HUSTLER's parody version, *This Ain't Nurse Jackie XXX*, boasts the lovely Lily LaBeau in the lead role. Our Jackie toils in a hospital where being a "head nurse" has an entirely more literal and arousing connotation.

The sexcapades kick off with Dr. Cooper (Kris Slater) thoroughly inspecting a bosomy patient (Britney Amber) for medical abnormalities. Finding none, the good M.D. gives the chick a meat injection as a precautionary measure. Fellow doctor Eleanor (Roxanne Hall) deals with a patient (Lee Stone) suffering from a profound case of blue balls. Keeping her Hippocratic oath in mind, Eleanor dutifully gives the poor fellow some release. Finally, Nurse Jackie herself gets in on the action. She meets her secret lover Eddie (Eric Masterson) for an old-fashioned locker room bang session, proving once again that this is the horniest hospital around.

If you're overdue for an appointment with a sexy medical professional, we recommend a strong dose of *This Ain't Nurse Jackie XXX*.

This Ain't Nurse Jackie XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 or go to page 126 to order by mail.

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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"One of my kinky fantasies is to be the headmistress at a sex academy."

SUMMER DAZE

Summer—the season—is coming, and that's why we've gotten Occupy *Beaver Hunt* rolling with this "very easygoing and fun to be around" June birthday celebrant from Morgantown, West Virginia. Summer Daze, who'll be hitting the 27 mark, asserts, "I like to live life to the fullest. I'm into sex, sewing, cleaning cars, eating hotdogs and pussy, playing soccer and rooting for the [Pittsburgh] Steelers. And since I love being naked just about anywhere, I can see myself living in a nudist colony." On that note, Summer's photo submissions reflect the streaking aficionada's dual erotic tendencies. The 4-foot-11 Gemini is either passively sweet and innocent or aggressively kinky. "Besides the normal sex stuff," the baby-faced bi gal elaborates, "I really enjoy using toys—they give me my best orgasms—and handcuffs. And anal is enjoyable too." That means it's time to mention her fave TV shows—*CSI* and *Dance Your Ass Off*—and career aspiration. "I have a vagina and a devirginized anus," Summer acknowledges. "I want to be a porn star." —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

"I once got caught by the police having sex but couldn't get my knickers back on because they were stuck on a shoe. The coppers just stood there watching me, and I couldn't stop giggling."

CHERYL

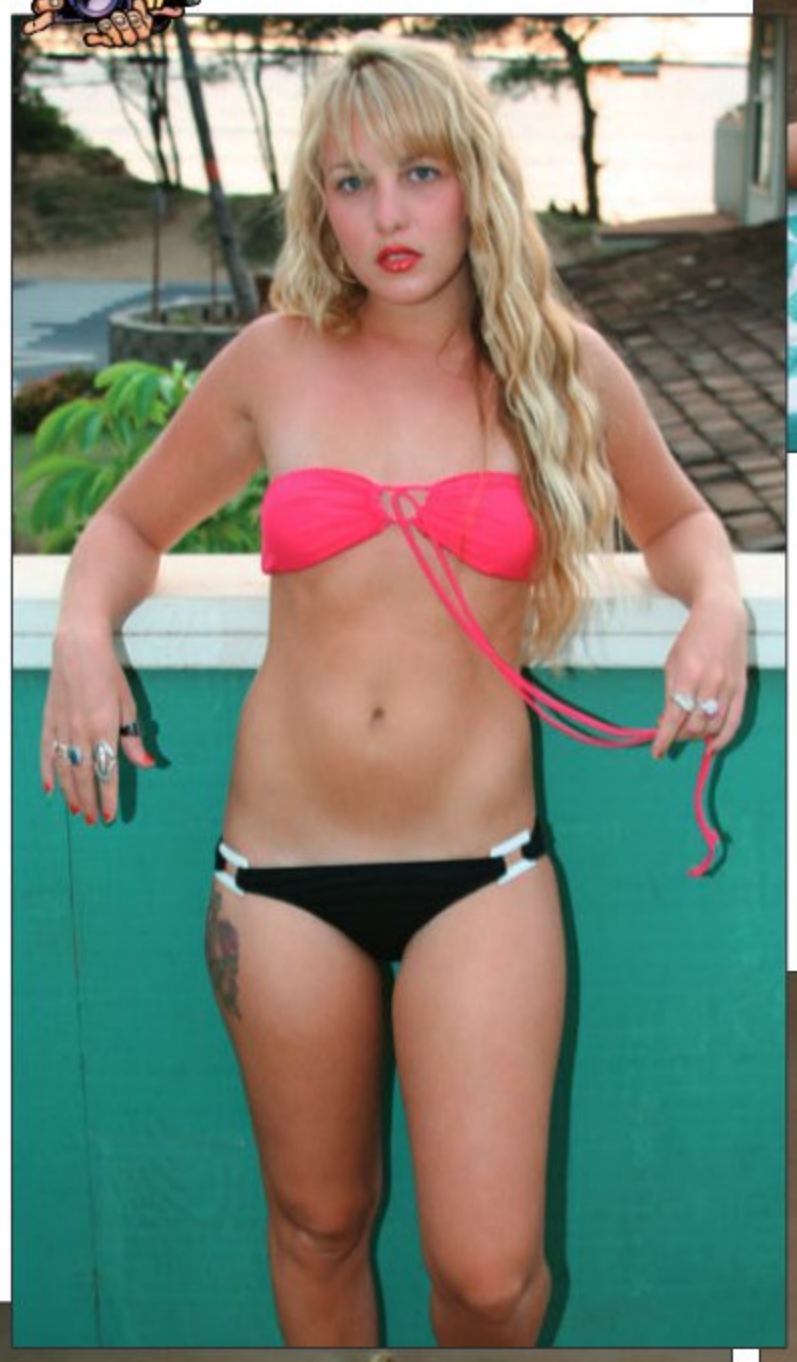
Invited in the Holiday '11 issue to "drop trou here any ol' time," this "bubbly, energetic, ambitious, spontaneous and very open-minded" cabaret dancer from Kent, England, has come back with another batch of bitchin' photos. "I love the idea of teasing a bloke till he can't take anymore," Cheryl says in regard to would-be Romeos. But that ploy may also apply to voyeurs, who can only imagine hanging with the 5-foot-10 clubbing, cinema and swimming buff when she isn't coy. Cheryl will be blowing out 25 birthday candles in June, and she's an amorous mind-blower. "Many partners have described me as a nymphomaniac," the damsel marvels. "I've had so many memorable sexual adventures, I could write a book. But I'd say the corker was when my lovely best friend and her boyfriend tied me up and took pure advantage of me—mouth, pussy *and* bum. It was very naughty and stimulating. After they untied me, we had a threesome on and off for five days. It was amazing!" So's Cheryl. She outshines Lady Chatterley *and* isn't fictional. —Photos by Friend

LEXI

"I've flashed just about everywhere," proclaims June birthday morsel no. 3, a "girl next door who strips" by way of North Olmsted, Ohio. "Lots of people have seen my tits." Besides saying hi with naked pics, Lexi spells out her personal portfolio. "I'm carefree, daring and smart," the 5-foot-1 pixie begins."I love sports, networking, all types of music—especially Kings of Leon—and my fave TV shows are *Weeds*, *Breaking Bad* and *Bad Girls Club*." Lexi is a dandy bad girl herself. "In bed I'm pretty out there," she confides. "I love rough, passionate, kinky, hard-core sex! I'm also into dirty talking and bondage." Lexi, who'll be turning 23, luridly wraps things up: "My sexual fantasy is to be completely dominated by three other dancers in the dressing room where we work." —Photos by Friend

JEWEL

"I really want to be an adult actress," professes Jewel, 34, a "shy and quiet until you get to know me" bartender from West Orange, New Jersey. The 5-foot-3 Garden Stater merits knowing. "I think it would be fun to put on a live sex show where hundreds of people come to play with themselves while watching me," she coos. "I normally masturbate at least once a day." Fittingly a fan of the band Tool, "multi-orgasmic" Jewel adds, "I am very submissive. I will do anything in the bedroom when a man wants to have his way with me, anal included." Even if a guy is watching sports on TV, she's down: "I will just suck his dick because I really don't care about the game." Jewel, who's already taken on five guys, has a much bigger crowd in mind: "I would love to break the record for the world's biggest gang-bang and to be covered in cum from head to toe." —Photos by Friend



"I love being naked even more when a guy has a camera!"

VICTORIA

Adding to the *Hunt* a breath of fresh air—along with her tantalizing bare body—is this "fun, adventurous, curious and soul-searching" inhabitant of Spokane, Washington. A former Real College Girl, Victoria has temporarily cut short her fascination with psychology and English literature, but the 5-foot-5 Apple Stater hasn't curtailed anything involving "the birds and the bees." Victoria, now a room-service worker at a high-end resort far from the Palouse, lets loose her fave pastime. "Sex, sex and more sex!" the uninhibited *Weeds*, Lil Wayne and Bone Thugs-N-Harmony diehard bellows. "I get a little crazy sometimes. I love sucking dick and getting my brains fucked out." But bi babe Victoria isn't crazy about having a bald vagina: "I don't care what people say. I never want my coochie all shaved." Victoria's secret? "My grandpa caught me and a dude in the act, and I was bent over naked! My grandpa started smoking again after that." —Photos by Kickback Productions

"I like anal sex a lot as long as I'm eased into it. Patience is a virtue."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

SATANA

Rearending our latest clamarama is scintillating Satana, 22, a "naughty MILF and big tease" from Hilton Head, South Carolina. That the 5-foot-6 jezebel with the heavenly titties chose to let it all hang out on a jaunt to Hawaii is a blessing, and here's some window dressing. "I'm a lady on the street, and I go to church every Sunday," Satana avows. "But I'm a freak in the sheets." Not to mention a big fan of Rob Zombie, Sheri Moon (the rocker's actress wife), *Bad Girls Club* and sodomy. "I love being fucked in the ass!" the Bible Belter howls. "It makes me cry 'Hallelujah!' when I come." Satana is so hot, no wonder her fantasy is "to have sex with a girl in the rain." For 40 days and 40 nights? —Photos by Friend

"I'm a very horny girl—even on Sundays!"

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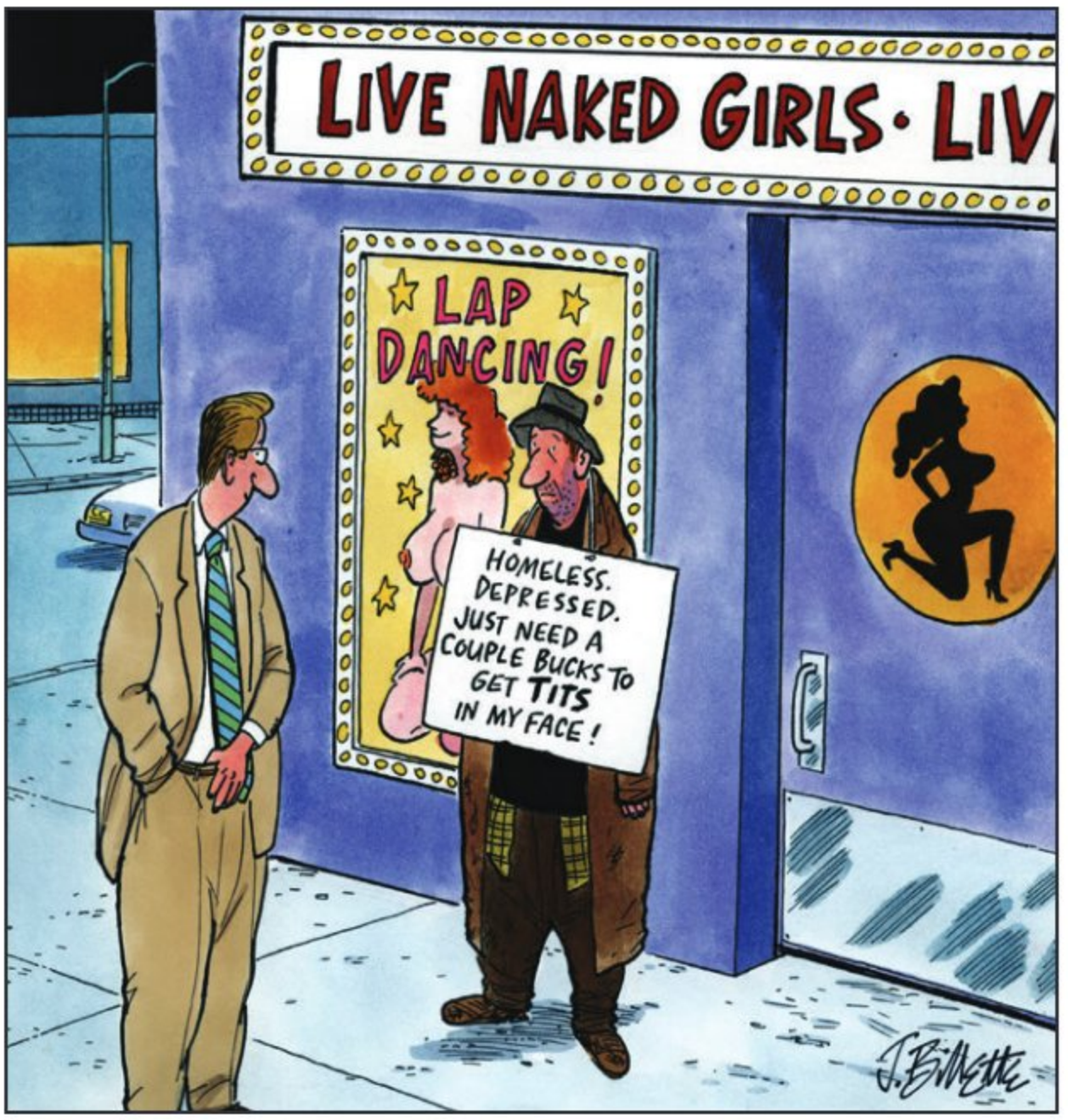

NYOMI BANXXX

(continued from page 44)

want Amanda Dee the actress or Nyomi Banxxx the porn star. I decided to create more Nyomi projects so there would be work for myself and jobs for other black actors."

Nyomi has long worked both sides of the film biz. Her debut R-rated movie—which she wrote, coproduced and starred in—was the 2009 urban thriller *Caught in the Game*. Her newest nonporn project is a horror movie called *S.O.U.L.S.*

"I look at movies so differently now," she says. "*The Wiz* used to be one of my favorite movies. Now I see so many technical things wrong with it, it drives me crazy. My all-time favorite is *The Sound of Music*."

"You're kidding. The whitest movie ever made?"

"I just love it!" Nyomi insists. "I can watch it over and over and over. It's got everything: rags to riches, love story, us against the world. It's all in there—with music!"

We head to her home studio, where Nyomi boots up the computer to show me the trailer for *S.O.U.L.S.* It's a bloody slasher flick about a group of friends tormented by the vengeful spirits of murdered slaves. After a gruesome, earsplitting three minutes, I tell her she could be the first black scream queen.

"We shot this in the backwoods of Indiana," she informs me. "There was so much screaming, the police came. When they found out it was a movie, they wanted autographs."

Later, when her friend Brooklyn James drops by, Nyomi transforms from actress to record producer. James, a teacher and aspiring recording star, slides behind the microphone to lay down some R&B vocals while Nyomi monitors the mix. Under her label FBC, Nyomi promotes a roster of artists in both Chicago and L.A. During the session, the boss lady records some vocals of her own. "If you could do just one thing," I ask, "what would it be?"

"Music," Nyomi replies. "Singing is my first love. After that comes acting and writing. Hard-core would be last."

"Porn's just the money gig?"

"Yes, but I came to love it," she admits. "Porn makes it possible to do everything else. I want to continue what I set out to do, which was take over the world. Porn star, slut, whore, whatever, that's just part of it. I want to tell my story, where I came from, where I went, where I ended. I've been a successful businesswoman, a mother, a loving daughter, a porn star, a singer, a model, an actress—I was even a social worker! I've done everything and always stayed positive. You can't tell a person what they can't do."

For much more, go to **NyomiBanxxx.com**. Look for the *S.O.U.L.S.* trailer and Brooklyn James's music video at **YouTube.com**.

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

D.D. DIAMONDS

AGE: 53

LOCATION: Scottsdale, Arizona

FIND HER AT: ExoticDoll4U@Live.com

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Born and raised on Hawaii's most populous island, former surfer girl D.D. Diamonds has since traded Oahu's balmy beaches for Arizona's bone-dry desert landscape. As a professional Polynesian dancer and workout enthusiast, D.D. has had no problems whatsoever showing off her well-toned body. And thanks to the rigorous attention she pays to her own physique, D.D. also receives a proportionate amount from the male set. (Check out the hardbody's amazing gyrating skills in Will Smith's 1998 "Gettin' Jiggy Wit It" video.)

"Even though I'm naturally flirty," she readily admits, "I'm always humbled by the fact that someone feels compelled to come up and give me a compliment."

As an older, bolder woman, D.D. is loving every minute of her official Cougar status. "These days I'm more comfortable with myself, and sex is better than ever," she notes. "I'm also far more open to ways of pleasing myself and not at all afraid to ask for what I want."

COUGARS UNLEASHED #40

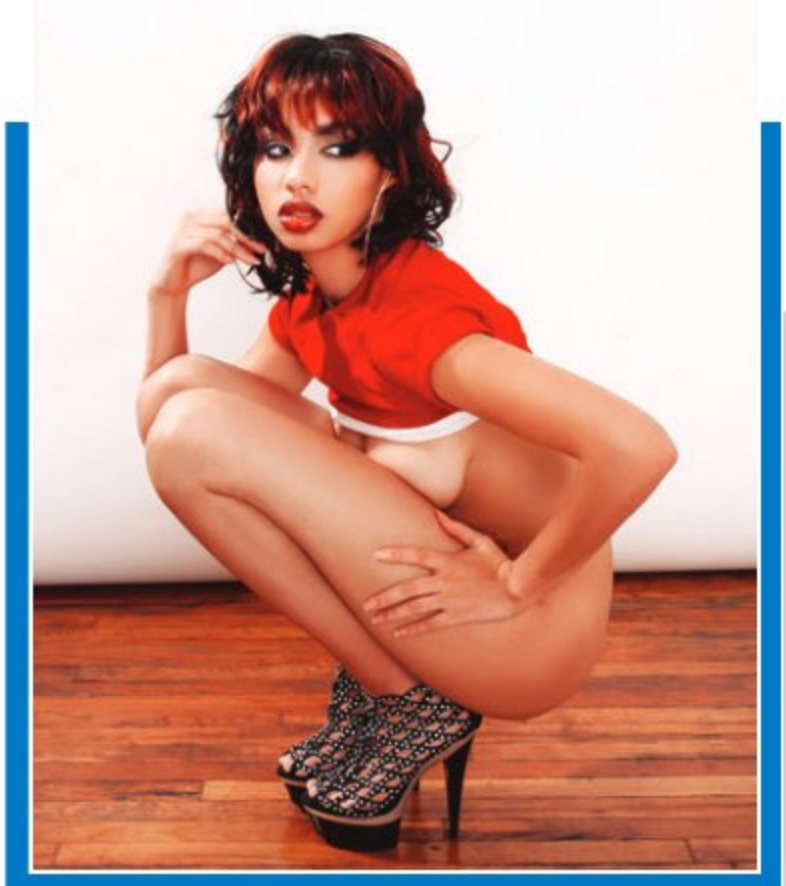
What D.D. ardently desires is action—from both sides of the fence. "I can't resist a tough male," the part-time personal trainer happily explains. "But women have sex appeal too. I particularly enjoy attractive, classy, confident women who command attention without even trying."

Finally, D.D. has a passionate message for any additions to her rapidly expanding fan base: "If you like what you see here, write to HUSTLER and ask them to bring me back!"

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

PHOTOS BY CPW

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA



SCREEN NAME:
Tiffiney C.

AGE: 21

LOCATION: NEW YORK CITY

URL: **Facebook.com/ModelTiffineyC**

Busty beauty Tiffiney C. is one busy babe! Boasting an arousing 34-24-37 figure, she's constantly taking advantage of her delectable wares—and not just locally in the Big Apple. "I travel to different cities every month," Tiffiney relates. "And when I'm not posing for the cameras, I'm working on marketing myself."

Originally from Baltimore, the 5-foot-9 hottie has appeared in music videos, as well as several international ad campaigns and commercials. But despite her mainstream work, Tiffiney doesn't believe in limiting her modeling to relatively conservative mediums. "Well, I've always been an athlete," she says, "so I enjoy taking care of my body. And since I'm proud of my physique, I enjoy showing it off, which is why I have no problem whatsoever appearing in HUSTLER."

Hear, hear, Tif.

As you may have already surmised, Tiffiney is thoroughly dedicated to her career. Yet, thankfully, she still makes time for some good, old-fashioned sex—in fact, a variety of it. "Sometimes I want the experience to be totally rough," Tiffiney confides, "while at other times, I want someone to make love to me."

Either way, the bodacious New Yorker has parameters. "I love a man with a totally solid body, broad shoulders and a nice smile," Tiffiney points out. "I also like one who not only possesses a lot of confidence but—big plus!—an honest personality. That really turns me on!"

Hey guys, can you believe it? Honesty *is* the best policy!

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY DDG PHOTOGRAPHY

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

BY BRENT SUMMERS

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

FEEDING THE STEREOTYPE

University of Vermont fraternity's survey raises issues of free speech and women's rights.

At a time when date rape scandals involving college fraternities are disturbingly commonplace, the Sigma Phi Epsilon chapter at the University of Vermont has attracted national attention thanks to a survey that it cooked up. Intended to be an icebreaker allowing the fraternity's new recruits to get to know the old guard, the list of questions included one that would ultimately ignite a firestorm: "If I could rape someone, who would it be?"

Since the survey was collectively compiled, the SigEp who contributed the controversial question remains unknown. Secrecy is a tradition of Greek-letter organizations. The questionnaire was supposed to have been circulated only among the chapter's members but was leaked when a Sigma Phi Epsilon brother accidentally e-mailed it to a teaching assistant not affiliated with the frat.

As word of the survey spread, feminist groups took action. Urging university administrators to intervene, an online petition titled "End Rape Culture Now—Shut Down Sigma Phi Epsilon Vermont Gamma" collected over 3,500 signatures. "The past year alone has witnessed rape, multiple sexual assaults and antiabortion chalking in public spaces," the petition stated. "While the university administration has laid off longtime women's and gender studies' faculty, it has refused to take concerted action to combat sexism and rape culture."

Shortly before the end of the fall semester, about 200 protesters gathered outside Bailey/Howe Library to demand the university's enforcement of women's rights. "What do you do when under attack?" the group chanted. "Stand up! Fight back!"

Led by Fox News, CNN and *USA Today*, the media sent reporters to cover the brewing story. As camera crews gathered outside the SigEp house in Burlington, the Virginia-based national Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity launched an investigation. A SigEp representative was dispatched for meetings with members of the UVM chapter and university administrators. While the national fraternity gathered more information about the matter, it barred SigEps at UVM from speaking to the press and, instead, issued statements on their behalf.

Although it was the survey's rape-fantasy question that thrust UVM's Sigma Phi Epsilon chapter into the national spotlight, it had been involved in other recent transgressions. Weeks before the survey was disclosed, university administrators temporarily suspended SigEp after a nonmember was sent to detox for alcohol abuse after allegedly drinking at the frat house. Additionally, while the survey scandal was gaining traction, a UVM SigEp charged with voyeurism pled guilty to videotaping a woman undressing at a local ski resort and was handed an 18-month deferred sentence.

On December 17, 2011, the national Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity concluded its investigation. Besides announcing the indefinite closure of the University of Vermont chapter, Executive Director Brian Warren blasted the survey question as "deplorable" and "absolutely inconsistent" with Sigma Phi Epsilon's values. Afterward, UVM Interim President John Bramley sent an e-mail to students publicly stating his support for shuttering the frat house.

The ousted SigEps were upset with the outcome, grumbling that being prohibited from speaking with the media had resulted in coverage that distorted the truth. Some frat brothers insisted they had not seen the survey, while others asserted that they were collectively punished for the actions of one person—the unidentified member who actually penned the offending query.

The University of Vermont acted swiftly and resolutely in signaling its approval of suspending the Sigma Phi Epsilon chapter. Curiously, though, UVM officials were still trying to determine if the survey question actually constituted a violation of any school policy.

"You stupid fuck—you misspelled *abusive*!"

Brent Summers is a University of Vermont junior studying public communication. He is editor in chief of *The Vermont Cynic*, UVM's award-winning student newspaper.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

ELLIE

SHORELINE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

With lustrous, waist-length hair and intense curves, 4-foot-11 Ellie turns a fair number of heads at Seattle's Shoreline Community College. But the 19-year-old business major felt somewhat awkward and self-conscious back in high school. "I wore really big glasses," the half-Chinese, half-Vietnamese vixen recalls. "But I always stayed on top of the trends, rocking every pair of new Air Jordan sneakers that came out!"

As for current extracurricular activities, Ellie covers the spectrum. While the self-proclaimed "true Seattle girl" enjoys hardy hobbies like fishing ("I almost always bait my own line!"), she similarly has a soft spot for "girlie activities." These include shopping and "getting sunkissed."

Meanwhile, when searching for her soul mate, the natural-tanning buff has a laundry list that's almost as long as her lovely locks. "My dream guy has to have sexy eyes, big muscles and be tall, tall, tall," Ellie asserts. "He also needs to be clean-cut, smell good, possess a sexy voice and have a way with words."

Ellie herself is a fine wordsmith as she describes a sweet dream involving a veritable host of Mr. Rights: "A fantasy of mine takes place in a bakery filled with cakes, pastries and lots of hot-looking men, all of whom are frosting my naked body. And once they're done, they lick it all off!"

That fantasy really takes the cake!

PHOTOS BY NORTHWEST ENTERTAINMENT

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CASSIE: AFTERNOON DELIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Some people aren't on the same sexual time clock as most of us. **Cassie**, for example, warms up on sunny afternoons and, even if she's alone, this gal from College Park, Georgia, finishes the job that the sun starts. "It would be nice to always have a man nearby, but I'm not interested in permanent relationships," **Cassie** says. "And I can handle myself better than most men I know."

(continued from page 83)

sporting a green, six-legged bug hat. "We get the public to come in, to be curious, and then the spirit of the cook-off becomes infectious. Before you know it, everybody wants to eat bugs."

Maybe not everybody. Some Bug Fair attendees looked a tad nauseous as the judges shoved sautéed, fried and chocolate-covered insect delicacies into their mouths. But most people lined up for a taste after the cook-off, and the comments were basically all along the same lines: "pretty good," "tasty" and "much better than I expected."

But will Westerners *en masse* ever take to insects as food? Maybe. There are signs that its acceptability is growing. In the Netherlands, in the 1990s, a group of Wageningen University entomologists who had been studying rising commodity prices began to promote the idea of insects as food. At first, people cringed, but interest gradually became more serious. In 2006, the university held a festival to promote the idea of eating bugs; it attracted more than 20,000 visitors.

Taking notice, several Dutch firms began to experiment with raising locusts and mealworms for human consumption. Today those insects are sold freeze-dried in dozens of retail outlets. Several upscale Dutch restaurants have even added insect dishes to their menus. Restaurants in other countries are following suit.

At London's Archipelago, patrons can order Baby Bee Brulée, a creamy white chocolate concoction topped with a crunchy little bee. In New York City, the Mexican restaurant Toloache offers chapulines tacos stuffed with Oaxacan-style dried grasshoppers.

Across the United States, the number of festivals promoting the idea of insects as food is growing. There's even a Web site (**HollowTop.com**) that features the latest developments, as well as articles about edible insects, how to raise them, recipes and their nutritional and medicinal properties. There are also plenty of bug cookbooks, although some still have off-putting titles like *Creepy Crawly Cuisine: The Gourmet Guide to Edible Insects*.

Food taboos are not eternal. Fifty years ago, the thought of Americans eating raw fish on a regular basis was preposterous. Today, there are more than 9,000 sushi restaurants in the United States. It's conceivable that an exploding global population and climate change could put a major burden on traditional sources of food. Faced with food shortages, insects could become elevated from a novelty item to a staple.

"You pay big money for a lobster tail now," Karner observed. "But a scorpion tail is just as good. If everyone ate bugs, virtually no one in the world would go hungry."

Is this the future? Time will tell.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

"Why can't you be more like embryos or corporations? Those are real people!"

38TH ANNIVERSARY

The July '12 issue goes on sale April 17, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

ALEXIS TEXAS

COMING NEXT

THE 5 BEST STRIP CLUBS IN LAS VEGAS

Looking for a place to hold a pal's bachelor party? Hit a jackpot at a casino and have money to burn? Head to a Sin City strip club. With dozens to choose from—including Larry Flynt's eye-candy palace—we sent a reporter to narrow down the list to five ultra-cool establishments that provide a bevy of dreamgirls *and* more bang for the buck.

MICHAEL USLAN: BATMAN'S LIFELONG CRUSADER

"If you burn with a passion and follow your dreams, they will indeed come true" is how Michael Uslan describes his journey from "comic book geek" to executive producer of the Batman movies. With *The Dark Knight Rises*—the franchise's latest chapter—coming soon, editor Keith Valcourt wasted no time getting an exclusive Q&A with Batman's most ardent fan. Uslan recalls everything from his childhood fascination with the Caped Crusader to landing a DC Comics gig, where he first found "a way to show the world what the dark and serious Batman was like."

CARINA ROMAN: FROM TYRANNY TO HARLOTRY

Carina Roman's life has been rife with pricks. She grew up in Romania during the oppressive reign of a Commie dictator, then escaped to Utah of all places, where she wed a Mormon who wanted her to join a polygamist cult. Now Carina has found her salvation as a prick-worshipping porn star and swinger. Join writer M. Allen Nathan as he spends an eventful day with Carina, who enjoys getting naked even for a stranger asking questions.

INSIDE THE KOCH BROTHERS' WAR ON BARACK OBAMA

Billionaires Charles and David Koch hosted a secret powwow at a ritzy Colorado resort. The 300 or so corporate and political bigwigs on hand were encouraged to open their wallets for "the Mother of All Wars," namely the neocon Koch brothers' efforts to "save America" by putting a Republican in the White House. Thanks to investigative reporter Brad Friedman, who obtained audiotapes of the sinister proceedings, you'll be seeing red when you hear the speakers' incendiary remarks.

NO SACRED COWS: HUSTLER'S MOST OUTRAGEOUS 'TOONS

Larry Flynt's flagship publication has been amazing its readers since the July 1974 issue hit newsstands. To narrow-minded folk, exposing a woman's genitalia was shocking, but that alone didn't make HUSTLER a pioneering skin mag. There was another controversial, envelope-pushing ingredient: twisted, no-holds-barred humor that poked fun at sex, family life, masturbators, religion, wayward politicians and even Abe Lincoln. As a special anniversary treat, we've dug up a dozen of the most outrageous cartoons in HUSTLER annals.